

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE AMAZONS

They fill the fields in mighty throng,
 Their spirits loosed by anxious sleep;
 Their careworn souls are borne along
 Across far lands and stormy deep.

There is no battle hardly won
 In which a hero plays a part,
 And falls to bullet, sword, or gun,
 But bleeds with his a mother's heart.

The shrapnel shell, the bayonet thrust,
 Which sends the soldier boy to rest,
 And lays high hopes low in the dust,
 Deep wounds some watching woman's breast.

No battle pride nor glorious stir,
 No wild red charge her will upkeeps,
 But tears and care, and pangs for her;
 She prays and suffers, longs and weeps.

She gets no honors or reward,
 Such gauds are issued to her boy;
 But in her love she can afford
 Him, comrade of her fights, the Joy.

Richard A. Crouch.

Gallipoli, November 25, 1915.
 The Saturday Review.

PROGRESS, 1914-15.

"Lo! I am athirst," said the brown earth,
 "And I would drink my fill."
 "Have I not slaked thee," cried the gray skies,
 "From river, stream, and rill?"

"I would have wine," said the hot earth,
 "Red wine from hearts afire."
 "Lo! thou shalt arise," cried the fierce sun,
 "Clad in a new attire."

"My fruit abundant," said the fair earth,
 "As never seen before."
 "Gladly shall I bear," cried the proud tree,
 "That ripe and luscious store."

"My cloth so radiant," said the vain earth,
 "Shall wrap me in its sheen."

"Deeply shall we weave," cried the slim grass,
 "In tender gold and green."

"Lo! I am athirst," said the hot earth,
 "And I would quench my fears."
 "Then thou shalt taste," cried the young maid,
 "The bitter sweet of tears."

"Have I not held them," said the old earth,
 "The dead unto my heart,"
 "Under my white robe," cried the chill wind,
 "So a new spring should start."

"Men must pale and die," said the black earth,
 "So men may rise and live";
 "And I was born thus," cried the great town;
 "In blood they slew to give."

"Grant to me red wine," said the brown earth,
 "Else do I droop and tire."
 "As in the great past," cried the pale hills,
 "We drank of hearts afire."

"In war have I grown," said the fierce earth,
 "Man against his brother."
 "Death's sheaves have fed thee," said the green woods,
 "Beast slaying one the other."

"I have built my state," said the proud earth,
 "In strife and foul dissension";
 "Thy church uprising," cried the gray rocks,
 "From blood and hot contention."

"Lo! I am athirst," sighed the brown earth,
 "Grant me red wine to spend"
 "As it was in the beginning," said the great hills,
 "And shall be to the end."

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

The Nation.

NEUTRAL COUNTRIES AND SEA COMMERCE.

THE AMERICAN NOTE OF NOVEMBER, 1915.

In spite of its length and the mass of technical detail involved, the main issues raised by the American Note of November, 1915, are fairly clear. Careful examination of the facts, of statistics and of precedents will no doubt be necessary before an official and authoritative reply can be sent, and probably this may take some time, especially as the Foreign Office must at present be overburdened with urgent business of the utmost importance. The Note is no doubt important from the ethical and political as well as the legal and practical point of view, but for the present it is well, for Englishmen at least, to confine themselves to the legal and practical questions which may affect the action to be taken in the immediate future. We may leave it to the men of highest character in the United States, whose names are known and honored here, to deal with the ethical side, with the moral questions involved in the attitude of the United States Government during the present war.

It is important to examine what the issues between the two Governments really are, and to call attention to the principles involved.

At the outset it is necessary to clear our minds from the irritation which naturally arises when a number of claims are urged on matters which, though important in themselves, appear trivial in comparison with the issues at stake in the tremendous conflict in which we are engaged—a life and death struggle to save mankind from the domination of a Power which, by its acts, denies the very existence of Right or Justice. These claims are so various, the arguments in support of them so

involved, as to suggest that the authors of the Note put in everything which happened to occur to anyone who was concerned with the matter. One is reminded of the deputation which put forward a number of "planks" for a political "platform" to a young parliamentary candidate—still under the illusion that political questions were to be considered on their merits. After dealing with several he came to one of which it was difficult to discover the real meaning. He tried to ascertain exactly what was meant, and why the proposal was put forward, and obtained the answer, "We really do not know; we put it in because some of our people wanted it, and we thought it would do no harm. We will go on to the next question."

The two main positions taken by the framers of the Note appear to be: first, that the exercise of belligerents' rights and in particular the decisions of their Prize Courts ought to be regulated and controlled by the rules of International Law which particular enactments of one State cannot override; second, that it is the right, even the duty, of a neutral State to insist as far as possible on the observance of these rules. To both these propositions, if rightly understood and fairly applied, full assent may be given. It is necessary, however, with regard to the first to add the proviso that the appeal is to be made to the real fundamental principles of International Law which, like every system of jurisprudence, must treat decided cases as illustrations of the application of principles. New and different conditions make it necessary from time to time to modify the subsidiary rules. The system must be capable of growth

and adaptation to new circumstances if it is to be a living thing. The spirit quickeneth, the mere letter is dead. In the case of International Law in particular, circumstances change so much between one war and another that it is most essential to distinguish between what is permanent and fundamental and what is based on the special conditions existing at the particular time when the cases put forward arose.

The second proposition—that it is the right of the neutral to use pressure to secure the observance of law by belligerents—must be subject to the proviso that such right involves the duty of putting pressure on all belligerents alike to observe rules and agreements and still more to abstain from acts which are outrages on common humanity.

The specific grounds of complaint put forward in the Note are shortly as follows:

1. Detention of vessels and cargoes without proofs obtained at the time of seizure.
2. The taking of vessels into port for examination instead of searching them at sea.
3. The reception of "extrinsic evidence" to justify proceedings against ship or cargo.
4. The presumption from the fact of the great increase of imports of certain articles into neutral countries that articles of the kind shipped to those countries are intended for re-export to the belligerents who cannot import them directly. Cotton, rubber and other commodities "more or less useful for military purposes" are mentioned in particular. It is stated that "even if goods listed as conditional contraband are destined to an enemy country through a neutral country, that fact is not in itself sufficient to justify seizure."
5. That British exports to the neu-

tral countries in question have "materially increased" since the war began.

6. The claim of the British Government to include certain articles in their list of contraband of war is objected to.

7. That harbor dues, warehousing and other expenses have been charged even when cargoes have been released, and that a condition has been imposed that subsequent claims against the British Government shall be waived.

A second part of the Note states the objections raised to "so-called blockade" measures imposed by the Order in Council of the 11th of March.

The third part challenges the validity of the Orders in Council altogether, and also appears to deny the jurisdiction of the British Prize Courts to deal with questions relating to the detention and condemnation of vessels and cargoes at all.

In examining these claims and contentions it is desirable to rely exclusively upon the principles of International Law, and to assume that any municipal enactments which contravene those principles cannot alter the rights of neutrals.

So far as the present controversy is concerned the fundamental principles of International Law may be stated as follows:

It is the right of a belligerent country which has naval forces sufficient for the purpose to arrest and to examine vessels and cargoes where there is reasonable suspicion that those cargoes are intended and destined for an enemy country and are of such a character as to be likely to assist its naval and military forces in carrying on the war. If the articles are in themselves of such a character that from their nature it is to be expected that they are required for warlike purposes (*e. g.* ammunition) they may be treated as absolute contraband and, if destined for the enemy country, may be condemned to forfeiture

by the regular prize courts of the belligerent who seizes them. If the articles in question are of such a character that they can be used either for peaceful or for warlike purposes (*e. g.* food), and if the circumstances show that they or a substantial part of them are in fact destined to be used for the military or naval forces of the enemy, they may on that condition be condemned as conditional contraband. In either case forfeiture may be incurred, even though the commodities are consigned to a neutral country, if the whole circumstances of the case show that they are in fact destined for the enemy and intended to be forwarded to him.

It is impossible to settle beforehand at any period a list of articles which shall in future wars be treated either as absolute or conditional contraband, or of those which are to be excluded from such liability. The question depends on the state of scientific knowledge at the time and on the conditions under which the war is carried on. Two years ago it was not contemplated that a belligerent would use poisonous or asphyxiating gases in carrying on war. Can it be urged with any show of reason that articles likely to be used for the manufacture of such gases ought not now to be placed on the list of absolute contraband and condemned if intended for the enemy country, whether passing to it directly or through a neutral country, although only a few months ago it might have been thought that the articles in question were not capable of any such use? A few years ago the use of air planes in war did not appear to be a serious question. Can it now be said that articles suitable for use in the construction of air planes ought to be allowed to pass to an enemy as non-contraband?

Is it to be contended that articles which are now being used for most deadly purposes are not to be treated as contraband because at some former

time, when no such use was contemplated as possible, it had been held that they were innocent? The attempt to restrict by definite convention the commodities which may be treated as contraband in future wars by an agreed list of specific articles is absurd on the face of it. International Law, in order to be adequate as well as just, must have regard to the circumstances of the times, including the circumstances arising out of the particular situation of the war or the conditions of the parties engaged in it.

This statement is specially important in dealing with the question of conditional contraband. If a war were being carried on in the Far East between the expeditionary forces of two European countries, foodstuffs in transit from neutrals to those countries might as a rule be treated as non-contraband and free from seizure. It is different where whole nations are in arms, where the whole country is adjacent to, if not actually the scene of, military operations. It has been well said by distinguished American jurists that

In a war in which a nation is in arms, where every able-bodied man is under arms and is performing military duty, and where the non-combatant population is organized so as to support the soldiers in the field, it seems likely that belligerents will be inclined to consider destination to the enemy country as sufficient, even in the case of conditional contraband, especially if the Government of the enemy country possesses the right of confiscating and appropriating to naval and military uses the property of its citizens or subjects of service to the armies in the field.

In the present war it would be a sound application of the fundamental principles of International Law to treat as contraband any materials or any foodstuffs which are likely to be used to make munitions, or to support

any persons in the enemy country who are actively engaged in fighting or in the preparation and transport of munitions. It is no doubt right that notice should be given to neutrals of the risk they run in exporting such articles overseas; but the real question is: are the articles in question as matter of fair inference from all the facts of the case, likely to be used by the enemy country for the purpose of aiding it in carrying on the war?

Dealing with the first three of the specific complaints above recited, it is hardly necessary to point out that the universally admitted right of a belligerent to stop contraband would be meaningless unless the belligerent were entitled to take the steps necessary to make his right effective. Until the vessel suspected of carrying contraband has been stopped and searched it is frequently impossible to obtain full proof of the essential facts. To make an adequate search without taking the vessel into port may be quite impracticable. The most dangerous goods are often carefully packed and concealed. We have heard of munitions in piano cases, explosives labeled as "pickled cucumbers." Under present conditions, or at least under the conditions existing a few weeks ago, an attempt to keep the vessel on the open sea while a full search was made would involve danger not only to the property but to the lives both of searcher and searched. A submarine might torpedo the warship engaged in the search and send it and its crew to the bottom. If the search is to be effective it must under modern conditions be made in port, and common humanity demands that it should be so made. The third complaint is matter of procedure. Provided there is no unnecessary delay, what reason can there be for excluding any relevant evidence with regard to the goods or their real destination? Why should not both sides be at lib-

erty to put forward everything which will enable a just decision to be given in accordance with the true facts?

The fourth and fifth complaints raise questions of great practical importance. It may at once be admitted that the stopping of contraband proceeding from neutral countries and the prohibition of exports from this country are intimately connected. In some cases the export of certain articles from this country is prohibited to ensure the maintenance of our supplies of commodities required for carrying on the war or for supporting our population. With this neutrals have nothing to do. The other reason for prohibiting exports is that the prohibited articles, if consigned to neutral countries, may be sent on to the enemy and aid him in prosecuting the war. It seems clear that the list of articles of which the export is prohibited to neutrals in countries which are able to pass them on to the enemy ought to include all those which it is proposed to treat as contraband, and that, if licenses for the export of any such articles to those neutrals are granted, it should only be under conditions at least as strict as those which are imposed with regard to goods passing overseas in neutral vessels. No export should be allowed to any traders in the neutral country who are in the habit of exporting goods to the enemy; no export should be allowed except to known consignees, and guarantees should be required that those goods will not be exported to the enemy. As regards articles that are really vital to the enemy for helping him to prosecute the war the greatest strictness should be observed. The use to which each article can be put, its potential military value, and the conditions of trade relating to it, must be carefully considered.

There are, however, some commodities, such as mere luxuries, about which it is unnecessary to be particular.

The money spent by the enemy in purchasing such articles will be a greater loss to him than the benefit derived from the possession of the articles purchased. The cry that we must take active steps to prevent anything whatever passing over the seas to neutrals who may let them pass ultimately to the enemy is unreasonable. It would be foolish for the British Government to trouble about articles which are not either of actual or of potential military value. To do so causes irritation among neutrals and damages British trade without affecting the military resources of the enemy. Indeed, if the enemy chooses to "spend his money for that which is not bread and his labor for that which satisfieth not," why should we try to prevent it? Ladies' garters are no doubt useful articles and often contain india-rubber, but is it necessary seriously to try to prevent such articles going to a neutral country for fear they might pass on to Germany? No military purpose of the Allied Powers would be served by depriving German ladies of elastic garters, nor is it conceivable that the German Government could afford to acquire rubber for motor tires by buying up the garters. How many thousand pairs of garters would be required for one set of tires? Would it be necessary to stop a small consignment of tennis balls to a girls' school in Lausanne lest the Germans should obtain at extravagant cost a negligible quantity of rubber?

The questions which have arisen with regard to neutral trade were admirably dealt with by Lord Emmott in a recent speech in the House of Lords, which may perhaps have influence in shaping a proper policy in spite of the peculiar and almost isolated position in which the speaker was placed by the fact that he had real practical acquaintance with the subject he was discussing. If properly carried out the best plan of

meeting the difficulties which arise, and of interfering as little as possible with legitimate neutral trade, is that of making definite agreements with specially constituted mercantile bodies in neutral countries, who will guarantee that the goods are required by the neutral country for its own use and will not be passed on to the enemy. Such arrangements have been made with the Netherlands Oversea Trust for Holland, and more recently a somewhat similar arrangement has been effected in Switzerland. The aim of the recent Danish agreement is the same. Whether or not that aim is carried out in the best manner is a question which it is impossible to discuss properly in the absence of fuller information than can now be given publicly. The whole question of trade with neutrals turns on the character of each article and its uses. It is neither just nor politic to interfere more than is strictly necessary with neutral trade, and it is most important to give free vent to our own export trade wherever that can be done without injuring our military interests. We may avoid Scylla and fall into Charybdis unless a clear policy is settled with due regard to all the conditions and with adequate information as to the whole circumstances. So far, however, as the specific American complaint is concerned the answer is one of fact. We have as a matter of fact interfered less with the trade of neutrals than with the trade of our own people, and the precautions taken to control British exports have in fact contributed to the development of neutral trade.

In very many cases the export from the United Kingdom is stopped merely on the ground that more than normal amounts of a given commodity have been received by a neutral country although the consignee is above suspicion and a guarantee has been offered. British traders often bitterly complain

that their legitimate trade is stopped and buyers in neutral countries are obliged to place their orders elsewhere. Goods exported from neutral countries are released much more freely.

Yet it is proved that immense quantities of articles required for use in the war are going to Germany from neutral countries. It is proved that quantities of such articles are being taken to those neutral countries over the seas, and that the amounts so taken vastly exceed the amounts which those neutral countries ever have used or could possibly use themselves. It is known that great quantities of the articles in transit are being consigned to firms which regularly export goods of the kind to Germany. What is to be done? The Germans on their part assert, by their conduct at least, that they will without warning, without examination, without regarding the loss of human life, sink any ship which they suspect may be taking goods of any kind to England. England repudiates any such action as contrary to both International Law and common humanity. The British claim is simply to stop the ship, examine the cargo and papers in the only way in which such examination can be effectively and safely made. If the cargo consists of articles of which the neutral country has already had amounts greatly in excess of its possible requirements, a *prima facie* case surely arises for further investigation. If on such investigation being made it is found that the goods are destined for a consignee whose trade is in goods required by the neutral country for its own use, and are intended to be so used, the cargo is released. But if the only reasonable inference from all the evidence is that the goods were really intended for the enemy, then the fundamental principle of International Law warrants their condemnation.

The best example of the manner in

which the British Prize Court does in fact deal with these cases is given in the clear and elaborate judgment of Sir Samuel Evans in the case of the "*Kim*." The facts as to each consignment were carefully examined. In all cases the neutral country had received more than its normal requirements of the commodity in question, but several of the consignments were released. On the other hand, where in addition to the fact that normal requirements had been exceeded the fair inference from all the facts relating to a particular consignment was that it was not going to a *bona fide* purchaser for use in the neutral country but was really destined for the enemy, it was condemned. A denial of the right to condemn in such a case would make a farce of the established right of a belligerent to capture on the high seas goods of actual or potential military value destined for the enemy.

As regards the seventh point, careful consideration will no doubt be given by the British Government to the American claim that pilotage, wharfage and harbor dues ought not to be charged in relation to cargoes that are detained and then released. The justification for these charges depends on the circumstances of each case. If it has once been ascertained that a cargo is going to a *bona fide* consignee in a neutral country who will give guarantees against export to the enemy, it may be argued with force that the cargo should be allowed to proceed to its destination without any charge to the owner for such expenses. On the other hand, there may be doubtful cases where it is to the advantage of both parties that the cargo should be released on terms or sold rather than that the case should proceed. This is one of the matters upon which detailed knowledge of the special facts of the various cases is necessary before any definite opinion can be expressed.

The second part of the Note deals with blockade. There are two well-recognized ways in which the right of a belligerent to prevent goods going from neutrals to enemy countries can be exercised: first under the doctrine of contraband, second by blockade. Under a blockade the right to prevent goods passing to the enemy applies to all goods whether contraband or not. One port may be blockaded in an enemy country though it may not be possible to blockade all. But blockade must be impartial, that is, the belligerent must not stop the goods of one nation going to a port and allow goods of another to pass into that port.

The clear purpose of this rule is to place all neutrals on an equal footing, and the Americans complain that in effect the rule is violated because we exclude their ships from German ports on the North Sea and the Baltic, while Scandinavian ships succeed in trading with those ports. So far as the North Sea ports are concerned, it does not appear that the facts justify any complaint. So far as the Baltic is concerned, the complaint is plausible rather than convincing. It would be justified if there were any evidence that we were deliberately favoring Scandinavian trade while blocking out American trade. But the authors of the American Note know perfectly well that we are, within the limits of our power, absolutely impartial. The case of the Baltic is exceptional. Until we succeeded in sending our submarines into that sea we had no means of controlling the movements of ships within it. To argue that we ought on that account to abstain from controlling the commerce that crosses the open sea is more ingenious than ingenuous.

It may, however, be admitted that the kind of blockade which the British Government has established does give rise to numerous technical difficulties. Many of the difficulties could have been

avoided if we had not hampered ourselves with the Declaration of London. There is reason to suspect that the Declaration was welcomed in some quarters as a partial substitute for an adequate navy. Apparently the conception was that this country was to maintain a perpetual neutrality and to make profit by supplying goods to any countries that happened to be at war with one another, regardless of the possibility that our command of the sea might have to be used as the main weapon of offense and defense in a war of our own. The country has now been told that the Declaration of London is dead. Do not let us continue to cumber ourselves with its corpse.

Lastly, the Note appears to claim that the Prize Courts of a belligerent country are not a proper tribunal to deal with the questions which arise with regard to the seizure and confiscation of ships or cargoes. This claim is directly at variance with the practice established in the past. The rule was clearly stated by Lord Stowell and has been recognized ever since that "questions of prize have always been matters of the domestic jurisdiction of the captor's country." Such a rule is essential in time of war if the rights of seizure which a belligerent has are to be effectively exercised at all. At the same time it is equally clear from the same high authority that "the Court is bound to administer the Law of Nations to the subjects of other countries in the different relations in which they may be placed towards this country and its Government." If the tribunals of a belligerent country disregard this principle, if in fact it is their practice to decide cases in a manner which contravenes the fundamental principles of International Law, a case arises for diplomatic intervention.

The English Prize Courts do not claim to act, and have not as a matter of fact acted, in contravention of any

such principles. Lord Stowell always appealed to them; Sir Samuel Evans has worthily followed in the footsteps of his great predecessor.

It is impossible to contend that the procedure of the English Courts has not been directed with scrupulous fairness to discover the truth and do justice between the captors and captured. Anyone reading the recent as well as the older decisions will be struck by the care taken to note every fact tending to show that any particular consignment was really intended for a particular consignee to be used in a neutral country, and how, where such facts were proved, the cargoes were regularly released. On the other hand, wherever a cargo was condemned, it was on the fundamental principles of International Law that the condemnation was justified.

The jurisdiction of the Prize Courts and the power of the captor's country to regulate their procedure cannot be given up. It is possibly true that an English Prize Court would be bound by an Order in Council even if that Order were at variance with the principles of International Law. If such a case should arise the matter would be one to be settled by diplomacy; but no such case has arisen. Our Courts have not in fact given, and are not likely to give, decisions contrary to the true principles of International Law. It is to these they regularly appeal. American decisions are cited and weighed carefully in the judgments that have been pronounced. The Court has held the scales of justice with even hand. Facts do not support the contention that the English Prize Courts are so fettered by Orders in Council that they cannot do justice to neutrals.

To sum up, it may be suggested that the following propositions cover all action which it is necessary or desirable for this country to take in the exercise of its naval power:

1. A belligerent may stop on the high seas goods which are in fact destined for the enemy and are of such a character as to be likely to be used to aid him in carrying on the war, even though the goods are in the first instance consigned to a neutral country.

2. The belligerent must prevent his own subjects from exporting such goods to neutrals in a position to pass them on to the enemy, unless a proper guarantee can be obtained that the goods will be exclusively used by the neutral and none of them exported to a belligerent.

3. It is useless and indeed undesirable to trouble to prevent the enemy from obtaining from a neutral any goods, which by their nature cannot really aid him in prosecuting the war.

The American Note ends with the declaration that the

task of championing the integrity of neutral rights which have received the sanction of the civilized world against the lawless conduct of belligerents, arising out of the bitterness of the great conflict which is now wasting the countries of Europe, the United States unhesitatingly assumes, and to the accomplishment of that task it will devote its energies.

England may assuredly welcome that declaration and await the fulfilment of the task. The war was begun by the most flagrant violation of the rights of neutrals which the world has ever seen. It was to fulfil a pledge given to a neutral State that England entered on the war as a united nation and has sworn to continue the war until the outraged neutral has been restored to its independence and received redress for its wrongs. We recognize the unique position in which the United States is placed, by its immense population, its gigantic wealth, its remoteness from the present sphere of warfare, to play the part of champion of neutral rights. Are we to learn that the un-

provoked and sudden invasion of a neutral country, the destruction of its historic buildings, the massacre of its old men and children, the violation and mutilation of its women, are matters of less importance to the champion of neutral rights than the observance of juridical technicalities or than the possible loss of a few extra profitable war contracts? It is for America and America alone to decide what course is consistent with her own honor and dignity.

Let us at any rate recognize a Monroe doctrine with regard to the American conscience. England has no need to plead that in fulfilment of a pledge to protect the neutrality of a weaker State, as well as to preserve her own existence, she is engaged in a struggle taxing her resources to the utmost, that she has set her hand to the task she will never abandon until independence is restored to Belgium, until its exiles can return to their homes and its people enjoy security from outrage. By her own sea power she will protect her shores, and by that power she will continue to take measures to protect, not only her own vessels and the lives of her own citizens, but also those of neutral countries. She will continue the struggle to the end with inflexible determination, and meanwhile will be prepared to discuss calmly and judicially—as though 'twere but “a pretty case of paltry legacies”—the claims put forward by the United States, proposing only a reasonable interpretation and

The Edinburgh Review.

application, as adapted to present conditions, of the principles of International Law.

Postscript.—This article was already in print before the issue of the very important White Paper which appeared in the press of January 5th. That Paper will enable the country to understand better the purpose and general success of the steps recently taken by the Government as regards German export and import trade as well as the difficulties which had to be met. It may be worth pointing out that if the argument above stated is sound, all that the British Government has done can be justified under general principles without reference, as regards the rights of neutrals, either to the Order in Council of March, 1915, which is challenged by the United States, or to the special law relating to blockade in the technical sense, the rules of which the United States alleges to have been broken. A reasonable and indeed necessary development of the law of contraband to meet conditions existing at the present time is all that is required. However, the essential fairness of the action taken and the careful consideration shown for the rights of neutrals will be clear, on whichever ground the British policy is justified. It may be said generally that the maximum injury to the enemy's fighting power with the minimum of inconvenience to neutrals has, on the whole, been secured by the measures recently taken.

Alfred Hopkinson.

ART AFTER THE WAR.

Among the many hopes that are to be realized through the present clash of arms is that of a new birth to art in all its forms. As in the political life of the nations, so also in the artistic, a great flux is taking place. The tend-

encies are manifold, nor does anybody know for certain whither this or that is leading. Yet there is a general feeling that the evil will fall away whilst the good will evolve into maturity. The students of politics and the social order

are already busy with plans for reconstruction when the day of peace shall have arrived. And a similar activity must be shown by the masters in art if they are to save their precious heritage.

The purpose of the following essay is to suggest at least one leading principle, the acknowledgment and application of which is to help in the discrimination of the chaotic elements. It will indeed be a sort of selective principle in the genesis of the new spirit of beauty.

The principle is this, that all art is sacramental. There is an outward sign and an inward beauty. Let both live together, and they will be fruitful. Divorce them, and they both become barren.

Perhaps the question may be more clearly stated with reference to the sphere of music. There, at any rate, the problem is felt more acutely. In the sister art of poetry ideas are expressed by conventional signs which we call words. But in music the ideas must be expressed by natural signs, by signs composed of sounds indicating in a natural way, more or less distinctly, the thought to be expressed. Consequently the language of music is generally less intelligible than the language of poetry. Hence the acute controversy between musical aesthetes.

Walter Pater, in his essay on "The School of Giorgione" points out that, whilst each art has its own peculiar sensuous charm and its own special mode of reaching the imagination, yet each may be observed to pass into the condition of some other art. There is a kind of overflow from one art to another. No art can be an adequate substitute for another, but it may lend to it new forces. A poem and a picture may serve to illustrate and amplify each other. A drama or a symphony may lend to each other additional strength and clarity.

This is only another way of saying

that a man has five senses, and that he normally uses them in harmony with each other. He hears a theme being worked out in musical composition and he tries to make a pictorial representation of it. Where one sense is definition another sense seeks spontaneously to supply the defect. A man sees the hard limitation of pure form in sculpture and seeks to supply the natural complement of color.

And because the language of music is so natural, so near akin to the thoughts which are expressed, the distinction between the matter and form of music is less apparent than in the other arts. The distinction between the ideas in a poem and the artistic form of a poem is very clear. So also the distinction between the subject of a picture and the spirit of its treatment. But it is the aim of art to conceal this distinction. *Ars est celare artem.* And the concealment is most completely accomplished in the art of music. Hence Pater derives the startling conclusion that "all art constantly aspires towards the condition of music." All the other arts tend to overflow their limitations and to flow in the direction of music.

"It is the art of music," he writes, "which most completely realizes this artistic ideal, this perfect identification of form and matter. In its ideal consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression, they inhere in and completely saturate each other, and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire. Music, then, and not poetry, as is so often supposed, is the true type or measure of perfected art."*

Out of this very quality and perfection of the art arises the controversy as to the merits respectively of concrete and abstract music.

*"The Renaissance," p. 144.

It is true that the evolution of music, let us say from Palestrina to Beethoven, has been an evolution from the more concrete to the more abstract. It is true also that in the evolution of the work of individual masters there has been an evolution from the concrete to the abstract. But always, everywhere and by everyone up to the time of Beethoven the need was felt for the two elements, the concrete and the abstract. Beethoven stands at the crossways. He had found the due equipoise between the concrete and the abstract, for whilst he chose such concrete themes as Napoleon for the "Eroica" symphony, and Florestan and Fidelio for the "Leonora No. 3" overture, it was always the inner impressions which he wished to produce, and always through the medium of a definite and intelligent scheme of design.

If we take Beethoven as having made the due equipoise, then we must take Brahms as the composer who exaggerated everything in the direction of the abstract. Sir Edward Elgar, in his lectures at the Birmingham University, claimed that the Third Symphony of Brahms was the very height of musical art, because of the absence from it of any pictorial or literary idea. It was, he said, simply a piece of music which called up a certain set of emotions in each individual hearer. That, to his mind, was the height of music. When music was simply a description of something else it was carrying a large art somewhat further than he cared for. He thought music, as a simple art, was at its best when it was simple, as in this case. He protested against people when they heard a Beethoven symphony calling up all sorts of pictures, which might or might not have existed in the composer's mind.

In contrast to Brahms there is Strauss. He exaggerates in the direction of the concrete. Hitherto the Kaiser, affecting to be a purist, strongly

disapproved of him. But lately, being in need of something pictorial and spectacular for the people, he commands Richard Strauss. A grand march is wanted. It must begin with mourning and lamentation and end with triumph and victory. It is just the theme for the composer of the Domestic Symphony. The rattle of the sabre can be musically reproduced even as the rattle of cups and saucers.

Nevertheless the artist in music finds out that he cannot afford either to minimize or abolish either the matter or the form in his art. See, for instance, how Elgar, in spite of his conviction about the Brahms symphony, habitually calls in the use of the pictorial. "Cockaigne" and "In the South" are but series of small musical descriptions. The "Enigma Variations" is a collection of musical portraits, the score of which is dedicated "To my friends pictured within." The "Froissart" overture is a picture taken from a speech of Claverhouse in "Old Mortality." The prelude to "Gerontius" and the introduction to the Second Part of "The Apostles," are musical pictures of what is to be afterwards told in literature and music combined.

Amongst the rest of the moderns the defect created by the divorce of matter from form is supplied in various ways, and with very varying degrees of success and failure.

Before proceeding to enlarge on the foregoing statement let me say precisely what I mean by the word form.

The common charge brought by the academic party against the moderns is that their music is formless. The moderns reply by asking for a definition of form. Then the opposing parties discover that they each have a different notion as to what form consists in, or that modern music does possess some kind of form.

Hitherto form was understood to be that relationship between the parts of

a piece which made them one complete whole. Now obviously all the works of Debussy have perfect form according to this definition. Yet the works of Debussy are classed as formless by the academics, or are set aside as vague and meaningless. Clearly then another element is wanted in the definition. What the traditional composers really meant by form was that *intellectual* relationship between the parts of a piece which made them one complete whole. In this sense Debussy may be said to be vague and almost formless. But then he has another bond of unity which gives all his pieces the character of completeness and unity. This is what is known as atmosphere or color or feeling. So surely is it a matter of course that no one who is not possessed of a deep and sensitive feeling ought ever to attempt to play Debussy's music. A very high degree of technique is also required, but mere technique is useless.

Further, the executant who will play Debussy must utilize the sacramental principle. If he merely tries to imitate the lines of "The Sunken Cathedral" or the play of "The Wind upon the Plain" he will fail miserably. These outward signs must signify some inward beauty which must be reproduced through the outward signs. Nay, the Prelude *L'après-midi d'un faune* may be taken to summarize all the beauty and all the defect of Debussy's writing. It enkindles the feelings and the imagination, leaving room for the generation of untold inward beauty not thought of by the composer. Yet its vagueness blurs the lines of beauty. Color is not an adequate substitute for line.

Definite line is indeed more or less needful for the expression of color. Matter cannot be intelligently manipulated without form. And the neglect of this truth has made possible the position of such a charlatan as Schon-

berg. The only form he possesses is the vague meandering of his own impulses. The only matter he possesses is the discord of sounds thrown together anyhow. If there is any method in the madness it is the method of deliberately repeating a peculiarly disagreeable interval or combination. When one continually hears something which is unexpected and at the same time disagreeable one can grant that there is some sort of idiom present. But it is an idiom confined to the one composer. When in ordinary life a man speaks an idiom peculiar to himself, understood only by himself, we say that he is in need of treatment.

Of course there is a definite relationship between any one sound and any other. But that is not the point. The point is whether such relationship is perceived by the mind of the composer or his hearers. The essential difference between Debussy and Schonberg is that in the one the relationship is at least implicitly perceptible, whilst in the other it is not. Hence Debussy has a beautiful method of expressing his graceful thoughts, whereas Schonberg has nothing worth saying, and only hideous noises with which to say it.

Clearly then, the first principle which needs recognition in the controversy between program and absolute music, between the academic and the modern, is the principle of sacramentality. We seek for a due equipoise between the spirit and the letter, between the inward grace (or beauty) and the outward sign, between the matter and the form. When we have found this then we shall have a rational and artistic basis from which to set out in the quest of new tonalities, new forms, new colors, new graces.

The same principle, too, will enable us the better to understand the relationship between the different arts. The yearning of one art for another (*anders-streben*), the tendency of an art to

reach beyond its own limitations, the power of an art to illustrate another, all this is explained by the sacramental principle. A man's spirit is one whilst his senses are five. A spiritual beauty is capable of indefinite expression. Love, courage, pathos, and tragedy can be uttered in literature, painting, sculpture or music. According to the capabilities of the artist, he will choose his own proper medium, but his idea or emotion will be apt for indefinite illustration through the medium of other arts.

Poetry, considered as the silent written word, tends first and chiefly towards the art of painting. As the reader ponders over the poetic description he forms an image in his mind, but this image is capable of more definite delineation through the aid of the pictorial art. The poem creates an inward beauty in the soul, but the external sign of the written word is not adequate to it. The supplementary sign of a picture is wanted for a due equipoise.

Let us take as an instance the following passage from the *Vita Nuova* of Dante:

Then Love said "Now shall all things
be made clear,
Come and behold our Lady where she
lies."

These 'wondering fantasies.

Then carried me to see my Lady dead,
Even as I there was led.

Her ladies with a veil were covering her;
And with her was such very humbleness,
That she appeared to say "I am at
peace."

This was Dante's poetic narration of the dream which he had on the day of Beatrice's death. There is full and clear line in it. It succeeds as only such a great poet could succeed, in exciting a deep emotion and spiritual conception. The reader may read the lines again and again, deriving a clearer

expression and making a deeper impression each time. Still there is an exigency for the pictorial art.

In this case the picture has been provided by Rossetti. It represents a chamber of dreams, where Beatrice is lying on a couch, having just passed from life to death. Love appears as an angel leading Dante by the hand. Dante is still asleep and dreaming and Love is pointing an arrow and an apple-blossom at his heart. As they come to the recess of the couch Love stoops to give Beatrice a kiss, Dante having never done this in her lifetime. Two women, clothed in green, hold a pall filled with May-blossoms ready to cover the face of the dead. On the sides of the recess two staircases lead out of the chamber, in each of which a bird is seen flying, an emblem of love. Thus an abundance of detail is supplied by the painter's art, notwithstanding the fact that the art of the poet was so expressive.

More significant still is Rossetti's own poem, "The Blessed Damsel." It has the honor of having been twice illustrated by Rossetti himself, and once by Burne-Jones. The conception is one that finds a sympathy in every human heart. Two lovers have been separated by death. They look forward to that eternity, when they shall be reunited never to part again. Although faith teaches that in heaven there are no regrets, no yearnings, no unsatisfied desires, yet the same faith teaches that the blessed have a vivid appreciation of the regrets, yearnings, and unsatisfied desires of their friends on earth. This is the main spiritual truth which Rossetti visualized in his poem:

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of water stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

In his first picture Rossetti emphasizes the sure hope of reunion by painting groups of lovers in the background, happy in their perfect embrace.

Around her, lovers, newly met,
 'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
 Spoke evermore among themselves
 Their heart remembered names.
 And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames.

Yet, although he did insist upon the joy of reunion, he seems to have been more affected by the pain of longing and waiting. Hence, in his second version he omits the groups of lovers, and the yearning look in the eyes of the Blessed Damsel is accentuated. He had been impressed with the poem of Edgar Poe, "The Raven." "I saw," he said, "that Poe had done the utmost it was possible to do with the grief of the lover on earth, and I determined to reverse the conditions and give utterance to the yearning of the loved one in heaven."

Burne-Jones is occupied almost entirely with this aspect of the truth. The figure of the Blessed Damsel is given alone and, unlike Rossetti's, in full stature as described in the poem.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,
 For service meetly worn.
 Her hair that lay along her back,
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

He realizes more intensely, too, the human and earthly element of the poem. The sense of depth and distance is more fully obtained in illustration of the lines:

Beneath the tides of day and night,
 With flame and darkness ridge
 The void, as low as where this earth
 Spins like a fretful midge.

The fact that both artists only partially portray the truth hidden behind the

poem is only a proof that the poem is fully informed with the sacramental principle.

But, again, poetry may be considered as a spoken word. You must read "The Blessed Damsel" aloud if you want to catch the beauty of Rossetti's quaint and even archaic phraseology. It is in poetry taken as a spoken word that you feel the overflowing tendency towards music. And very happily we have this very poem of Rossetti's translated into music by no less an artist than Debussy. There was a time when operas and songs were written wherein the music had no relationship whatever to the accompanying words. But now the music is made even something more than a suitable accompaniment. By due observance of the sacramental principle music tends of itself to express the inward beauty which is also expressed in poetry and painting. Doubtless the effort has frequently been carried beyond its proper limits, so that decadents are found, who out of sheer perversity want to make you see with your ears and hear with your eyes.

Debussy, however, being a true artist, is not to be numbered amongst such. His musical version of "The Blessed Damsel" strikes the due equipoise between the earthly and the heavenly elements even better than the paintings of Rossetti and Burne-Jones. True, he has the words of the poem to guide him from phrase to phrase. Nevertheless he takes liberty with them and makes only a selection. Moreover he enters into the pre-Raphaelite spirit, and quite contrary to his later works, he produces a tone-picture of minute detail. The melodic theme with which he opens finds him in one of his most characteristic moods, giving the hearer a feeling of distant mystery. After an orchestral prelude the words of the poem are taken up by a chorus of sopranos, who, in the most ethereal

and limpid tones, describe the appearance of the Blessed Damozel as she comes to the gold bar of heaven. Then the story is resumed by a narrator and a chorus respectively. Especially wonderful is the musical portrayal of the flight of the heavenly hosts, the vast number of the elect.

The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres.

Having risen to celestial heights in giving the hopes of the Damozel when her lover shall join her ("All this is when he comes") the composer falls back towards his cadence with the same sad melody with which he began. The Blessed Damozel is distraught with two emotions, hope quickened and hope deferred.

And then she cast her arms along the
golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands
and wept.

Debussy does not include the words of the lover, as the piece is only for female voices and orchestra. He suggests them, however, in a short finale, when the chorus sings one sad exclamation, "Ah!"

Naturally, it would be the musician who would first feel the affinity of music to poetry. But we also have the poet alive to the relationship. Francis Thompson, in his essay on Shelley, thus speaks of the shorter poems and lyrics:

"Here we have that absolute virgin-gold of song which is the scarcest among human products, and for which we can go to but three poets—Coleridge, Shelley, Chopin, and perhaps we should add Keats—"Christabel" and "Kubla-Khan"; "The Skylark," "The Cloud" and "The Sensitive Plant" (in its first

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two parts); "The Eve of St. Agnes," and "The Nightingale," certain of the Nocturnes; these things make very quintessentialized loveliness. It is the attar of poetry. . . . On the marvelous music of Shelley's verse we need not dwell, except to note that he avoids that metronomic beat of rhythm which Edgar Poe introduced into modern lyric measures. . . . He could write an anapaest that would send Mr. Swinburne into strong shudders (e. g. "stream did glide") when he instinctively felt that by so foregoing the more obvious music of melody he would better secure the higher music of harmony."*

Then of late there has been an art development taking place in which music is illustrated by painting. It was, I think, the artist Pamela Colman-Smith who first exhibited pictures painted direct from music.

Long ago the principle of sacramentality unconsciously made itself felt in this sphere. Again we may quote Walter Pater in his observation of the work of Giorgione. "It is to the law or condition of music, as I said, that all art like this is really aspiring, and, in the school of Giorgione, the perfect moments of music itself, the making or hearing of music, song or its accompaniment, are themselves prominent, as subjects. On that background of the silence of Venice, which the visitor there finds so impressive, the world of Italian music was then forming. In choice of subject as in all besides, the *Concert of the Pitti Palace* is typical of all that Giorgione, himself an admirable musician, touched with his influence."†

So, too, Whistler doubtless chose "nocturnes" from the musical form. The characteristic effects of night-light were closely associated with the serenade and its more developed form in which the emotions of love and tenderness are represented.

*"Shelley." By Francis Thompson, pp. 65-7.

†"The Renaissance," p. 167.

The more modern artist, however, of whom I speak, paints directly from the live music. She may or may not know the title. She may be quite unfamiliar with the piece itself. Still if the piece is a definite unity the first few chords or the announcement of the theme will awaken a corresponding emotion which will give rise to an idea. The artist's brush is ready, and in a moment the idea begins to be realized on paper. And it is remarkable how very frequently the subject matter of the painting coincides with that of the music.

The mere knowledge of the title of a piece could not account for the striking similarities. Take for instance Debussy's "Sunken Cathedral." The title itself could never have furnished material enough for such a faithful pictorial representation of it as is seen in Miss Colman-Smith's masterpiece. "The water is profoundly deep. At first no form or outline is visible, as down and down, deeper and deeper you sink, without a ripple or a bubble to mark your descent. The watery green medium becomes opalescent and is troubled. A little light grows, and very far away comes the sound of a formal Tone, but heard only for a moment. In front of you the cloudiness of the water is being rolled up, as if by a wind of the underwater world. It ripples, it flows, it rushes, whilst bells peal distantly through it. Vaguely a form appears. The bells peal louder. Then the Sunken Cathedral in its Close of green weed is outlined clearly, the huge arches and the waving pinnacles. The Tone is heard again. But the pulsing of the sound gives way to a movement of the water, in which the image once more grows vague and indistinct. The Cathedral remains almost till the end, when the opalescence and shimmering of the water turns to opacity and the green coolness again supervenes, while one tall strand of weed occupies

the place where once the Cathedral was seen."*

Yet in much of this artist's work there is to be noticed that one chief defect which is so evident in the musicians whom she loves best to portray. This is the absence or obscurity of the theme which is to be the foundation of design. Both the music and the painting do suggest some distant mystery. But too much is left to be filled in by the hearer or the onlooker. I do not for a moment suggest that the artist should do all the thinking for his audience. On the contrary, I hold that he should stimulate them to think. But in order to do this he must provide them with real matter for thought.

To illustrate clearly what I mean we may take three tone-pictures all having the same theme: M. Ravel's "Jeux d'eau," M. Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau," and the Abbe Liszt's "Jeux d'eau a la villa d'Este." No one can say of Ravel's work that it is a mere imitation of the play of water-spouts. It is a poetic and highly artistic tone-picture exciting similar emotions which an artist or poet might feel on contemplating the play of ornamental fountains in some beautiful garden. But the soul of the hearer, whilst delighted for the time being, never gets higher than sense and emotion. The same also may be said of M. Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau." It is a sheer delight—to the emotions and the senses. And those who hold that this is the end of music had better keep to the impressionist artists. On the other hand the opening phrases of the work of the Abbe Liszt are merely descriptive. But then just after the materialistic description there appears a sublime motive, intensely spiritual in its nature, a motive which is intended to utter the spiritual truth embodied in the words of St. John's Gospel: "But

*From the forthcoming volume of Miss P. Colman-Smith, "Music Drawings," with Notes by Rowland Thurnam.

the water that I will give him, shall become in him a fountain of water, springing up into life everlasting." True, the words are given as a prefix to the work. But then the idea is there, and is expressed by the music. The sacramental principle is realized in a fair equipoise of matter and form, of expression and design, of spiritual truth and its material utterance.

The art, however, in which the greatest transformation is taking place is the art of the dance. The Russians are responsible for it, especially their great genius Nijinsky. And the transformation is due almost entirely to a recognition of the sacramental principle. Nijinsky has proved to the world that the dance is not merely a rhythmical series of pirouettes, leaps, and steppings on tip-toe. He has shown that it is the revelation of immaterial beauty through the medium of the material body.

It is pathetic to think of what the word "ballet" stood for before the Russian revival. So bad are the associations of the word that I was almost afraid to introduce the subject into this article. Yet after all the dance was distinctly religious in its original significance. It was invariably associated with religious mysteries. "And David danced with all his might before the Lord." And why? Because the body is directly informed with the soul and is the immediate and most natural organ for the expression of the soul's activity.

Now, although the Russians have not taken us back to those days when dancing was a formal religious rite, yet they have brought us back to the principle which underlay the religious rites. And in doing so they have provided us with an art which has succeeded beyond all other arts in realizing the aspirations of the modern æsthetic consciousness. Modernity has cried aloud for an emphasis of the dynamic

as opposed to the static element in art. Modernity has cried aloud for an emphasis of the individual and personal element in art as opposed to the general and conventional. Nijinsky strikes the true equipoise. He takes Debussy's music *L'après-midi d'un faune*, for instance, and simply fulfils it. He supplies the definite line of form and the foundation sense of stability. For throughout the dance, except at the end, Nijinsky does not rise from his feet once. The idea has been banished forever that dancing is the same thing as *sauterie*. It is a rhythmical movement of the body expressive of the rhythm of the soul. The leap or the step may enter into this movement. In this particular dance-poem Nijinsky, at the very end, has just one agile leap. A French critic, M. Charles Meryel, shall sum up the art of the Russian dance-poet. "We should not begin by praising him for his prodigious physical ability for leaving the ground. Let us think first of his power of evoking, through the means of the human body in movement, a sort of beautiful dream, of his power of subjugating his material appearance so that he becomes a *visitation divine* and almost immaterial."

So this is the hope of the future of art, a reawakening to the respective claims of both body and spirit, a sincere endeavor to attain to an equipoise of their activities. And of course all this implies a complete repudiation of what has passed for advanced thought in Germany during the thirty years' development of the Prussian war machine. It implies a repudiation both of the materialistic monism of Haeckel and of the spiritual monism of Eucken; for the one ignores the very source of beauty, which is the world of spirit, whilst the other at least undervalues and confuses, if he does not ignore, the function of the body as the organ of the spirit. Above all it implies a repudiation of the doctrine of Nietzsche,

a doctrine which is answerable for nearly all the degenerate art of Europe to-day, the doctrine that sheer animal impulse is the right norm of human action. The problem is not one of mere brain or nerve modification, but one which imperatively demands a recognition of a spiritual cosmos transcending the whole material cosmos, however complexly organized it may be.

We turn then to the imaginative peoples, the Russians and the French, whose consciousness has ever been permeated by the sacramental principle inherent in their respective religions. We recall the names Tchaikowsky, Borodin, Skriabin, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glasonoff, Liadoff, and Stravinsky; Benois and Bakst; Fokine and Nijinsky; Cesar Franck (Belgium), Saint-Saens, Debussy, Ravel, Charpentier, d'Indy, Roussel, Duparc and Dukas; Rodin and Corot; Bazin, Barres and Claudel. Here is sample of the material whence the new form shall arise.

And what shall the contribution of the English be? Before we can say we must wait until the sacramental principle has entered more deeply into

their consciousness. We have already seen the futility of an appeal to mere patriotism. We cannot stimulate interest in a branch of art merely because it is British. Something more universal is wanted, namely, a general principle which is applicable to the individual nations, none other than the principle of sacramentality. The experience of the battlefields of Belgium and France will carry with it a far-reaching influence. The sight of the crucifix, attendance at the churches, the work of the priests and nuns, the pastorals of Cardinal Mercier, the bombardment of Rheims and Louvain: these things have already made a great impression on the British nation. The enormous sacrifice of life, a personal loss to so many individuals, this is helping tremendously to make us appreciate more fully the reality of the spirit world. All these influences, however, will be received according to the condition of the recipient, that is, they will fall on our national character and temperament, and there shall rise again a national art worthy of a great nation.

The Dublin Review.

Thomas J. Gerrard.

BARBARA LYNN.

By EMILY JENKINSON.

CHAPTER XIV.

BARBARA AND PETER.

Winter came to the dale, bringing snow, wind, and rain. It sneaked into the sheep-fold like a wolf, and not only into the sheep-fold, but it went down to the village and quietly carried off some of the old folk there. Yet it did not so much as snarl at the threshold of Greystones. It ran as it were—with its tail between its legs, past the house, afraid of the great-grandmother in the four-post bed.

Then the summer came, bringing the flocks back to the mountains, and

plenty to the dale. It poured its riches into the old woman's lap, for the farm prospered. Hard on its heels followed another winter.

Mistress Fleming at the mill-house, folded her hands, and lay down in her last sleep. Her spirit slipped away in the night-time without a sigh, and Peter, standing by her bedside in the morning, and looking at the sweet old face, rosy still in death, found it hard to believe that she would not soon waken and speak to him. The miller lingered out another year, then he followed his wife.

Peter was forced to acknowledge to himself, with bitterness, that they did not find in their latter days, all the joy which they had expected. No word of complaint ever crossed their lips, they were loving and kind, but he read in their faces a disappointment which they strove to hide, and thought they had hidden.

Not only had he failed to realize their fond hopes for him, but his marriage with Lucy lacked something, which they dimly felt, yet could not see. The girl was pretty, and sweet, and dutiful. They welcomed her with open arms. But she never took the place of a daughter to them.

When Lucy came first to the mill-house, she experienced an uplifting of her whole nature. She was treated with a respect, a dignity new to her, and she was happy, believing that she had done right in marrying Peter. But before long she began to feel the strain of living at so high an altitude. She could not reach the standard expected of her by the old couple, whose idol was their son; neither could she reach the standard of her husband, who scorned to show littlenesses of mind or temper, and would not have feared to lay his whole life open to the world, conscious of its integrity, had duty demanded such a revelation.

Peter had no place in his life for the little attentions that Lucy liked to receive. She often thought him cold; for, having once said that he loved her, he did not repeat the declaration, and she wanted him to tell her every day. She missed the fond speeches that Joel had been so ready to make; her eyes never brightened now to hear themselves extolled; her cheeks never blushed to hear their own praises. Such light language had rarely been on Peter's tongue, even when he played with her in the forest, before he thought of marriage. Having been made his wife, she was on a different footing;

she was as the apple of his eye; she was the woman he had enthroned, and he treated her with a dignity befitting her position and his own. Alas! he expected from her a seriousness she could not give! Neither would she enter into his pleasures—she thought them low, poor Lucy! To gossip with Jake, the rat-catcher; to make a pet of a dancing bear; to wrestle on the green—were these things not low? Joel had never done them.

No sooner had Lucy allowed her mind to dwell upon such thoughts, than she began to be restless and dissatisfied. Then Joel's letter came, many months after it had been written. She read it through and put it away with a few tears, meaning never to look at it again, as a virtuous wife should do. But she was already regretting her marriage, regarding it as bondage, and so she drew the letter from its hiding place and got into the habit of reading it often. She found in it all that she desired—devotion, adoration, repentance; and she believed that if it had only come a few months earlier, the whole course of events would have been altered. She wrote to him, after a time, telling him of her marriage, and a good deal about her deeper thoughts. But no answer came, and she wondered if he had received her letter. Mally Ray, his old nurse, heard from him now and again, and he sent her money; then he disappeared once more into the wilderness.

Peter's own feelings were poignant. Did he think that he had been tricked? Who can tell, for he said nothing? Like his old father and mother he hid his disappointment, and hid it better. He set himself, mind and will, to bring about a happier understanding between Lucy and himself. Had it not been for the fatal letter he might have achieved it, but a subtle influence, which never showed itself, yet was none the less real, frustrated all his endeavors.

So the seasons ran on, and now mistress Lynn wanted but one more year to make her a hundred years old.

Peter and his wife continued to live at the mill-house after the death of the old folk, but the wheel was still, and the villagers had to take their corn further afield to be ground. Lucy wanted him to sell the place, and pointed out this and that abode in the neighborhood which might be made more comfortable and stately. Peter would not listen to the proposal. He loved the old house and disliked the thought of parting with it, although he had no son to be brought up to be a miller, as Dusty John had desired. Had Peter been willing for any change, it would have been nothing less than the uprooting altogether of their life at High Fold. But now, though he was free to go, something kept him back.

His father had left him a modest fortune, but idleness was unattractive to him. So he still taught the village children. He gave Lucy all she could desire in ribbons and muslins and laces, and he would have given her a quiet mind if he could. As a village lass did the housework, she was able to keep her hands as soft and white as she desired, but, with no regular employment to discipline her soul, she sank into a habit of fretful impatience, and robbed her home of its repose.

Peter found interest and refreshment elsewhere. The year after his marriage, while his parents were still alive, he had started a night-school, and Barbara had come to it, brightening the bare walls and dusty benches once a week with her golden hair and blue eyes.

He found that she had developed both physically and mentally since the time when he used to read Pope's Homer to her. She bourgeoned into leaf, like a tree that has shown buds for many a day, but been slow to unfold. In the new relationship, which

was now possible to them, they found infinite satisfaction. Barbara's smile grew softer, her strength less assertive, and there was a light in her eyes, which made them look as clear and blue as Swirtle Tarn on a sunny day. She was an apt pupil, and drank in knowledge like a creature who had long been panting to slake its thirst at that deep stream. She not only seized upon facts, but followed the subtler flow of causes underlying them with clear vision. She talked confidently to Peter of her wonders and speculations—they were the thoughts of no common mind.

Barbara lived a stimulating life through those winter evenings at the night-school. She no longer seemed to be standing on a rock, surrounded by mists, but the mists cleared away, the rock grew green. The wider outlook gave a new meaning to her own existence, for it enabled her to see its human dignity, underlying the trivialities that had disquieted her hitherto. She ceased to despise those things which the mountains had taught her. Knowledge became more valuable as she learned some of its mysteries, so that every morsel was worth cherishing.

But deeper than the joy which Barbara felt in this expansion of her life was another joy of which she was only dimly conscious. When Peter used to read to her at Ketel's Parlor, she had once thought that if he ever blessed her with his love, she would find her highest self in giving hers to him. But this dream had quickly vanished, been dispelled by his attachment to her sister. She saw little of him then, and less of him for some time after his marriage. Not till the night-school started did she realize how much of mutual pleasure the new relationship allowed. And thus, innocent in heart, and unaware of her power, she had thrown the spell of her personality over Peter. He influenced her also much more than she was aware of, so they

drifted towards a realization which must come sooner or later, and shake their natures to the foundation.

From week to week Barbara looked forward to the day of the night-school. She wakened in the morning with a sense of exhilaration; her methodical movements received an energy that made the daily duties hum. Since Jan Straw's death an additional man and maid had been employed upon the farm. This set Barbara free to take up the duties which Lucy so willingly laid down upon her marriage. Old Mistress Lynn found the change admirable; though she had demurred at first, when she thought of the extra mouths to feed and wages to pay. But Barbara stood firm. Now everything ran smoothly. Her great-grandmother was happy, and no longer disturbed by Lucy's flighty temper. She said that she desired to ride at anchor upon an even tide, until the last sailing orders came for her frail old bark to put to sea.

One evening Barbara went down the dale, her mind, as usual, in a glow of anticipation. It was early autumn and the nights were starry, unlike the nights of summer, whose radiance was dimmed by a heat haze, and a sun that seemed to set one moment but to rise the next. She welcomed the stars back to the sky. They greeted her from up yonder like well-kent friends, and were rich compensation for the lengthening hours of darkness. Before leaving the dale to follow the road through Cringel Forest, Barbara cast a glance at the Northern Crown. She liked to link it to her own fate. It was very bright tonight, no veil of cloud obscured the glitter of its jewels, and when it was bright she said that she was happy.

She entered the forest. Far away, shining dimly through the waving branches, was the light of the school-house. She ran. On every side the leaves came fluttering down, and caught on to her hair and shawl. She shook

them off, but they still trundled after her. Then she heard music and paused to listen, her senses stolen away by the sweet sounds. Peter was playing his flute in the schoolroom. She did not know the tune; she had not heard it before. It had a haunting cadence, that returned again and again, coming sadly at the end of a trumpet note. She thought that the music ought to have words; perhaps it had; it sounded like a song. She would ask Peter to play it for her when the school was over.

Then the melody ceased abruptly.

She opened the door and went in. The dead leaves swirled past her, and began to dance in the middle of the floor, like live things. Timothy Hadwin and Peter were sitting by the fire talking, the latter had his flute still between his fingers.

"Just look at the leaves," said Barbara, "there was a sharp frost last night and they are coming down in showers."

She fetched a besom from a corner to sweep them up.

But Peter stopped her.

"Nay," he replied, "they come so eagerly to school it would be a shame to turn them out."

Laughing, she put the besom away.

"What a bairn you are," she said. "I really believe that you and Timothy think they are little bits of human souls blowing about."

"Well," replied the old man triumphantly. "You don't know what they are, any more than you know what Barbara Lynn is."

She sat down on a bench, and propped up her chin with both hands.

"I admit that I don't know what I am," she answered.

"No, nor yet what a leaf is. I dare say a leaf has the power to remove mountains, like faith, but, like human beings, it doesn't know how to use it."

"You're a romancer, Timothy," said Peter.

"Young man, do you know why of all the leaves in the forest not two are alike? Is it not because there is a spirit of freedom in life however lowly?"

"Does anyone understand what life is?"

"Ah!" said Timothy, "once men knew more about these things than they do now. Long ago they healed the sick by laying their hands upon them, but here am I spending my time making potions, and electuaries, and powders. Well, good-night, children, I must go. Jake's son Joe has been eating sour apples!"

He went away with a laugh.

Barbara took her usual seat, and several men came in.

Peter's night-school was more successful than he had dared to hope. Those were days when education had to be fought for by the peasant, and books were sealed caskets, which might, or might not, contain treasures he desired to have. So to the little forest school came a few keen and curious souls, all inspired by one motive, a sincere thirst for knowledge. From among the hills, over bog and brae, through mist, rain, and hurricane trudged a shepherd with a passion for logarithms—he afterwards gained distinction as a mathematician. Thither, also, came the village cobbler, trying to piece together a theory of life more satisfactory than that offered by a very intimate knowledge of his own mind. Jake, the rat-catcher, spent a hard perspiring hour once a week, learning his alphabet. There were others also, full of eagerness to acquire, and a conviction that even a nodding acquaintance with letters was worth having.

Barbara was the only woman who glimpsed the light and strove to win it. The men would have resented her presence there had she been of a different make. As it was they shared the bench willingly with her, and she added considerably to the interest of

those strenuous nights, when they wrestled with the mighty, and the trees hummed in the wind overhead, or the rain battered on the roof, or the snow blew under the door.

Peter had given a wide invitation to the village folk to come, and he promised to teach them whatever they most desired to know. He laughed at his audacity but was not ashamed of it, for he had a sincere purpose, and hoped to lead many to the fountain, from which he drew refreshment and inspiration.

Tonight he seemed to be tired. When the nightly tasks were over, he usually read aloud for half an hour; he liked to send his scholars away with the rhymes of Pope, or the quaint prose of Malory, or the great verse of Shakespeare ringing in their ears. But this evening he read listlessly, although the book was the noble and joyous history of King Arthur.

When all had gone, he still sat dreamily looking at the open page.

"Play to me," said Barbara, taking the book from his hand.

"Play! What shall I play?"

She told him how she had heard his flute as she came along the forest road.

He took the instrument, and sitting in the shadow played the haunting little melody that had held her spell-bound earlier in the evening.

"Is it a song, Peter?" she asked.

"Yes, I made it."

"What about, Peter?"

He smiled, but she thought that his smile was sad.

"Only my own thoughts," he replied. "Now read to me. I've a mind that you should read to me instead of I to you, for a change."

This was the part of the day that Barbara liked best of all, when, before going to the mill-house to sup with Lucy and her husband, he and she read together or talked of those things that interested them most.

"I think you're too tired tonight, Peter," said Barbara. "Let us go, and study again another time."

"Read," he said imperiously.

"What shall I read?"

"The book you took away from me when you asked me to play. Begin where I left off. There's something in King Arthur that suits my present mood."

She leaned back in her chair, and her full voice rose like the steady tolling of a bell, as she read the tale of the Fair Maid of Astolat, who came sailing down broad Thames in a black barge with a letter in her hand to that most worshipful and peerless knight, Sir Launce-lot of the Lake.

Peter shaded his eyes and watched her. He set his thoughts free from the restraint under which he had been keeping them, and gave himself the pleasure of listening to a pure, nature-voice. There was no vehemence in Barbara's tones tonight; the words came slowly and simply like the flow of a river. He glided away upon them from the school-room in Cringel Forest to the silver shine of Thames. He saw it glide by many a gray wall and steal dreamily under the trees. He was borne upon its waters by many a fair town. From Oxford to Westminster he went, and if the barge, clothed over and over in black samite, floated beside him part of the way, he forgot it, lulled into dreamy reminiscences of his college days.

How long ago it seemed to be since he had bidden them farewell, and come riding back to his native hills. He had learned much since then, much which was a bitter daily meal to him. He was dissatisfied with himself. He had meant to be so peerless, and he felt that he had failed. He partook, in a way, of the knight's fate, for it seemed as though he must be overcome in spite of himself.

So the girl's voice, flowing smoothly like the Thames, which carried the

Fair Maiden of Astolat down to Westminster, took Peter from Oxford still further away—into the ocean of self-communion. But a new inflection in Barbara's voice roused him. He heard her read the answer to the king, when he said that he loved not to be constrained to love.

"That is true," said King Arthur and many knights, "love is free in himself and never will be bound. . . ."

The girl looked up from her book, and met the eyes of Peter. Her hand dropped to her side, and there was silence. They knew each the mind of the other.

The revelation came suddenly. It seemed as though an aggrieved fate had got weary of seeing two honest hearts striving to hide their real feelings, and had pulled the veil aside.

They gazed across the bare floor, their thoughts leaping to mingle, and their bodies stiff like images of wood.

At last Peter made a movement.

"Barbara," he said, "you asked me if the music I played was a song. I made it out of my own thoughts. They were my thoughts about you."

A wonderful light crossed the woman's face. She knew now what it was that appealed to her in the melody. She knew that he loved her as she loved him.

She was dazzled for the moment, as by the rising of a great sun; about her voices seemed to sing; her heart was filled with an inrush of the joy and beauty of life. But he was filled with dismay, and yet a strong temptation to satisfy his passion by a touch of their hands and lips. There was nothing but the bare floor to keep them apart; no hand to strike down the arms, which they might have stretched out to each other; no one to forbid them the fervent expression of their love. Was there nothing? Their whole life lay between, a true friendship, actions which

had always been honest. These stood by them in their need.

Then Barbara laid down the book, and with a brief good-night went out into the darkness and the sighing of the forest.

Under the trees there was no light, for the starshine could not pierce the screen of branches, and the moon was late in rising. But here and there the glow-worms were out in wandering bands, carrying their green lanterns, and, to the discerning eye, shedding a tiny search-light upon the delicate veining of fern and leaf. Barbara noticed them, for every sense was sharpened tonight. She thought of her own thoughts, which clustered about her brain like glow-worms, and made the darkness glisten. She heard the trees rustling in the wind, and the sound was musical to her ears. When it blew through a hollow it reminded her of the tones of Peter's flute. The air had a violet hue and seemed to throw a soft cloak over her.

She was exultant. She could not but rejoice to know that Peter loved her as she loved him. They had seen and recognized their kinship at last—not the kinship of sister with brother, but the kinship of soul with soul.

In this packed world of men and women they two had found each other. The bliss of realization was hers tonight; the tragedy of realization would be hers tomorrow. Tonight she accepted that which was offered to her with a thankful heart, conscious of a sacrifice which she must soon prepare.

They loved each other. Nothing could rob her of the rapture of that knowledge. She felt herself lifted up and set upon a throne. Was this the crown that Timothy Hadwin had promised she should wear? How proudly she would place it on her head, though none could see it but herself.

When she left the trees and stood in the open dale, she looked again at the

Northern Crown. It was fading; all the stars were fading; a milky mistiness was over-spreading the sky. She went on, still stepping lightly, heedless of the ruts and stones through which she passed.

Suddenly there was a leap of light behind her, and her shadow fell at her feet, black and grotesque. She turned, and saw swimming out of a dip in the hills, a great silver moon.

When Barbara left Peter, he remained in the deserted room, staring into the fire. He felt no exultation, nothing but great weariness, and distaste of life. He felt that he had failed, and he had striven so hard to attain. He had injured Barbara; he had injured Lucy; but never wittingly. He would have sacrificed himself if by so doing he could have saved them from pain. He had walked along a perilous path certain of his own strength and integrity, and he had never given a thought to possible disaster. He was involving others in his own ruin. He blamed himself bitterly.

He plunged into thought, wondering if there was not some way in which he could cut the net of a malicious fate from about their feet.

But he must not linger any longer in the empty school, or Lucy would think that something had happened to him or Barbara. He put out the light and locked the door. The moon was just rising but he did not see it, so dark was his own mind.

When he got home, he found Lucy sitting on a stool before the hearth, golfing the frills of a muslin cap. The room was bright, warm, and cheerful, and the supper table was set. She glanced up impatiently as he came in and said:

"How late you are. Where's Barbara?"

"She's gone home," he replied. Then he let his hand fall upon her hair, and stroked it gently. It was an appeal

which she could not be expected to understand. He felt that he must make amends for his involuntary injury of her in his own heart.

She drew her head away, and opened her eyes wide in surprise.

"Why has Barbara gone home?"

Peter stood looking down at his wife. She was neat and dainty, from her head to her feet. But her face was pale and listless, like the face of one who sat too much indoors.

"Take a walk up the dale tomorrow, Lucy," he said, "and see Barbara and your great-grandmother. You don't often go, I think, and a walk would do you good."

"I've been out tonight," she replied.

"Up to Greystones?"

"No, silly, only for a walk under the trees. I heard you playing your flute."

Lucy had been to Forest Hall. She sometimes found an excuse for going to see Mally Ray, and look at the portrait of Joel's grandfather, because it was so like Joel himself.

"I'm not hungry," she said, "I don't want any supper, but you'd better get yours. It's a pity Barbara didn't come to keep you company."

He sat down in silence, while she continued to crimp her frills, apparently absorbed in the occupation.

"Oh," she remarked at last with studied indifference, "I forgot to tell you. I met Mally Ray tonight and she says Joel is coming home. He's expected soon, that's if he took the ship he meant to take when he wrote. He's made his fortune—lucky man."

She stole a glance at her husband. He looked old and tired and careworn. She rose slowly, not spontaneously, and sat down beside him, and patted his hand.

"Poor Peter," she said, "that night-school takes too much out of you. You should give it up."

"Shall we go away, Lucy?" he asked, almost eagerly. "Shall we shut up this house, and leave High Fold?"

"I'm not tired of it if you are," she said lightly.

She did not want to go away now that Joel was coming back. Yet she was afraid to meet him. Ever since she had written in answer to his letter she had lived in daily dread and daily hope of seeing him again.

She wondered how he would greet her.

(To be continued.)

THE WARDS IN WAR-TIME.

BY A RED CROSS PRO.

VIII. ORDERLIES.

At six o'clock on chilly winter mornings shivering orderlies, drawn up outside the barrack-room to answer roll-call, think regretfully of the happy days in the pit they have left behind, and wonder vaguely if life is worth living. This is the beginning of the day's work.

An orderly's life is not a very enviable one, although the patients are pleased at frequent intervals to remind him of the softness of his job. As a matter of fact, it consists of a daily

grind unrelieved by any of those exhilarating moments which are known to the more belligerent branches of the Service.

"I should like to be a night orderly," M'Vean remarked once meditatively. "I should spend the night sleeping in the bath. No one would ever miss me." For the cause of the infrequent appearances of orderly during the night was one of the standard subjects of discussion in the ward.

There were nearly a hundred and twenty orderlies at Blacktown, and

they were employed in the grounds, in the theatre, and on day and night work in the wards. There were also a few unfortunates who acted under the sergeant-major's special orders, and were detailed off for any duty which happened to be most pressing at the moment.

The fire brigade was recruited from this class, and was brought up to strength by the inclusion of the joiner, the carpenter, the assistant engineer, and any of the ground orderlies who could be spared at the moment. Fire practices were held at the discretion of the chief engineer, and, after ample warning had been given, the brigade assembled in front of the engine-house and studied the indicator until it sounded the alarm. When the moment for action came, six stalwart orderlies hauled the hydraulic engine from its shed and propelled it at full speed through the grounds to the stand-pipe nearest the burning block, while the remainder of the brigade raced alongside with buckets of water.

"It is the funniest sight in the world," remarked Kilbride, after watching one of these practices. "The fellows burst through the gate with their engine before the alarm had hardly begun to sound. They must have been standing ready in their places. What would happen if they were called out without warning I can't imagine."

On Saturday mornings another terror was added to life in the form of Special Parade. At nine o'clock the Colonel, or in his absence the Quartermaster, inspected the orderlies. The Colonel, who had been an eminent local practitioner before the war, took the military duties which had devolved upon him very seriously. Boots, belts, and buttons came in for minute examination, and the owner of an unbuttoned pocket, a soiled belt, or a loose puttee would receive scathing castigation.

After these pitfalls of the slothful had been surmounted the parade became more or less a matter of form, but one Saturday morning Judson received an unpleasant shock.

Of all the orderlies, Judson was the one who prided himself most on his appearance, and took most pains to secure successful results. His boots, belt, and puttees were always in a state of perfection, and the additional half-hour he devoted to his toilet on parade mornings seemed to his contemporaries purely an act of supererogation.

"There's old Judson waking us up again," they would grumble. "What's the sense of getting up in the middle of the night to see if a button has grown tarnished. I'd sooner let the Colonel give me C. B. than stay up all night getting ready."

On this particular Saturday morning the Colonel's temper had been ruffled by the receipt of a peculiarly tactless letter from the War Office at breakfast time—"a letter no one but a fool could have written"—as he explained when passing the offending missive to his wife, and in consequence Special Parade became more unpleasant than usual.

After penalties for boots, belts, and puttees had been inflicted on a liberal scale, the Colonel gave the order—"Rear rank fall back two paces."

The rear rank obeyed, and the Colonel made a leisurely progress in the intervening space.

"Fall out," he cried, after inspecting the back of the immaculate Judson.

Judson obeyed with alacrity, under the impression that he was being singled out to serve as a model to the entire company.

"What do you mean by having your hair as long as a ballet-dancer's?" growled the Colonel. "It does not cost you a pound to have it cut; there is a shop three doors down the road"—and

the crestfallen Judson was thankful to retire to his place in the rank.

Makin, the orderly in Ward B., had left his work in a pit on the Tyneside to join the R.A.M.C. during the early days of the war, attracted by the glamour of a khaki uniform, and in the belief that he had found a short cut to "the Road to Glory." For he shared the general belief that the war would be over by Christmas. But Christmas came and went without bringing the war to a close, and experience showed that the wearing of khaki brings penalties as well as glories in its wake. As the days went by, Makin would often sigh for his old life at Tyneside.

"Give me the pit," he would say, whenever he could get anyone to listen to him. "It is something of a life. Here it is nothing but fetching and carrying all day long, and getting put on special duty by the sergeant-major whenever you happen to get half a day off."

At first Makin found work in the wards very irksome, as a tyrannical ward-maid kept close watch over his doings, and endeavored ceaselessly to bring home his shortcomings to him, lest the burden of them should fall upon herself. But careful observation and native ingenuity soon enabled him to discover that considerable alleviations could be introduced into an orderly's life, and that repeated calls and words of anger have little effect if the delinquent is not there to receive them. "The Elusive Orderly," Ward B. soon christened him, and a smile would pass round the ward when after repeated calls of "Orderly, Orderly," no answer was forthcoming.

"It is like the Hunting of the Snark," said Kilbride with a smile one day, when the calls had been more repeated than usual. "The fellow is really quite clever in his own way. Whenever he is wanted, it is found he has 'softly and suddenly vanished away.'"

When the wards were swept, Makin would disappear to the cook-house in search of the patients' breakfast, and after bringing it into the ward, would rapidly, in partnership with the ward-maid, consume any surplus porridge or eggs, bending low over the sink while so doing, to give the appearance of pursuing his daily round with unabated activity. By the time this was finished it was usually 8 o'clock—the official breakfast-hour—and Makin, after obtaining the Staff Nurse's permission, would vanish to the Barracks and be seen no more until 9 o'clock.

During the interval the patients had generally cleared away the breakfast things, swept the wards and cleaned the brasses, and Makin would find a clear field on his return. But the next quarter of an hour would prove to be the busiest in his day, and armed with a pail of water and a large brush, he would be seen on his hands and knees vigorously scrubbing the passage floor. This was not due to an inherent love of work nor to a newly awakened sense of duty, but to two different reasons. In the first place, at a quarter-past nine the Head Sister made her morning round of the wards, and idle orderlies did not find favor in her eyes; and in the second, while he was so busily occupied, Staff Nurse M'Tavish deemed it unwise to interrupt him to send him across with the dirty linen to the laundry.

Properly managed, the visit to the laundry was in many ways the most enjoyable part of the orderly's day, and by dint of a little calculation and care not to go too early with the washing, Makin would find on his arrival four or five orderlies already in the field. Before 9.15, the counting of the dirty linen was a pure formality, involving only a few minutes' delay, but a little later things became busy, and Makin, seated on his bundle of washing, could pass from half to three-quarters of an

hour in an animated discussion with the other orderlies on the latest football results or the best way of getting to Berlin; while Corporal Flynn and his two assistants were engaged in checking the linen brought in.

On his return to the ward, Makin would be dispatched to the cook-house with the diet sheet, and after a little rubbing of brasses already polished by patients, he would be interrupted in his work by the arrival of the Medical Officer. This was the signal for putting on a large white overall, tied with tapes at the back, or, more frequently, in the absence of tapes, pinned by the help of the patients with enormous safety-pins. By the time this complicated garment was fastened, the Medical Officer was usually on the point of leaving the ward, and orderly had to divest himself as quickly as possible and return to his routine work.

This consisted in fetching the fruit and milk for patients on special diets, and by dint of arriving at inopportune moments as many as three journeys were often necessary.

"Orderly is really very tiresome," lamented Staff Nurse M'Tavish to the Head Sister one morning when these time-wasting methods had driven her to exasperation. "He is never there when he is wanted, and this morning he wasted nearly three-quarters of an hour in fetching Sergeant Miller's fruit."

"He is always working very hard when I see him," remarked Head Sister Grayson dubiously. "You would not get many orderlies to scrub the passage as well as he does."

"But he is so slow. He is never ready to take the washing over before half-past nine, and then he has to waste half the morning waiting his turn."

"Of course, if you like to try a change," said the Head Sister, in the tone of one humoring a foolish child, "I am quite willing; but remember you may change for the worse. I have

a new orderly coming to the block next week, and you can have him for your ward, if you like. But he is very young and inexperienced."

"Thank you," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish gratefully. "I should like a change, and with a young orderly I could easily train him in my ways."

So a few days later the youthful Simpson was installed in the place of the undeserving Makin, and won all hearts by his eagerness for work and his simple desire to please. The wards were swept and the breakfasts brought up in record time, and instead of dumping the tea-pail down with a clang and departing to study his private interests at the sink,—as his predecessor had been wont to do,—Simpson flew round the ward distributing plates of bacon right and left to patients long forbidden these joys. However, these mistakes were soon rectified, and Simpson, having consumed his breakfast in a bare half-hour, reappeared to polish the brasses before the patients had time to touch them. Staff Nurse M'Tavish was so overjoyed with her good fortune in securing such a treasure, and so elated to feel that the Head Sister's gloomy prognostications had proved false, that her spirits knew no bounds. But pride goes before a fall. "Orderly," she cried, "I am going to lunch now. Work hard while I am away, and don't forget to let off the fire-extinguisher three times a day."

So orderly, being a simple youth, to whom recondite forms of humor made no appeal, took her at her word, and lifting the fire-extinguisher from its hook on the wall, proceeded to read the instructions: "Strike the knob a sharp blow and direct the stream at the base of the fire." Puzzled for a moment, as there was no fire to give the requisite direction, orderly paused and then struck the knob fiercely, pointing the nozzle of the cylinder to the ground.

Instantly a turgid gray stream gushed forth, which struck the floor and ricocheted off in all directions. The walls were deluged, the ceiling soaked, and liquid streams ran down the sides of the cylinder, ploughing furrows in the red paint, and spread all over the white deal table, finally subsiding with a splash on the floor. The cylinder was guaranteed to be of two-gallon capacity, and was tested to 350 lb. per square inch, but never did two gallons seem to have spread so far and so fast.

"What on earth——," cried Staff Nurse M'Tavish, and stopped, for words failed her. A grayish pool lay nearly an inch deep on the passage floor, the walls were mottled with dirty white trickles and ugly stains, the ceiling was blotched in the same way, while the once white deal table was a network of vermilion and brown patches. The floor was beyond redemption.

"I've just let off the extinguisher," began Simpson, but he said no more, for Staff Nurse M'Tavish's volubly expressed views on culpable stupidity gave him no opportunity.

"And if you have not the sense to recognize a joke when you hear one, you had better ask whether it is one or no," she concluded. "The least you can do is to start clearing away the mess you have made."

So Simpson and the ward-maid, Mrs. Noggs, and her friend, the ward-maid from the other side, Mrs. James, all mopped and wiped and rubbed with dusters and dish-cloths and towels and anything they could lay their hands on. They worked and they worked, but the stains grew no fainter, and their tempers grew more uncontrolled.

"Making work, I call it," said Mrs. James throwing a scornful glance at the bent back of the culprit. "As if there was not enough to do already."

"Such silliness, too. Why, anyone with the sense of a child of three knows them things aren't meant to be

touched," added Mrs. Noggs indignantly.

They used carbolic lotions and ether and methylated spirits and turpentine, and every other solvent within reach, but with most disappointing results. In the midst of the confusion, what Staff Nurse M'Tavish had long dreaded happened—the Head Sister arrived upon the scene. Either the combination of odors, or a vision of an irate Matron in the background, upset her temper completely, and she blamed the ward-maids for using the dish-cloths to wipe the floor, the probationer for lavish expenditure of methylated spirits in war-time, orderly for wasting the fire-extinguisher, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish most of all for indulging in a sense of humor at improper times and in unsuitable places.

"If you don't know by this time that hospitals are not places for jokes, it is quite time that you did," said Head Sister Grayson bitterly. "It must have been a queer kind of hospital where you were trained."

This is the greatest insult which one trained nurse can inflict upon another, for each knows that her hospital was perfection. Staff Nurse M'Tavish grew white with suppressed fury, but her self-control never failed, and long training as a probationer enabled her to receive the rebuke meekly.

"I think if I could have Makin back, it would be better," she suggested meekly, when the atmosphere had grown a little calmer. "You see I have trained him in my ways."

"I will see about it," said the Head Sister loftily. "But remember, if I allow him to come back, there must be no more chopping and changing. It is bad for everyone."

Next morning, Makin with a smile of quiet satisfaction on his face, was reinstated in his post as day orderly in Ward B., while the unfortunate Simpson became a supernumerary in the Barracks, and was condemned to a week of

endless window-cleaning by command of the sergeant-major.

IX. PASTIMES IN THE WARD.

"Sister, Sister," called a feeble voice, as soon as Staff Nurse M'Tavish entered the ward one December morning, "I have a spelk in my finger, and I can't get it out."

At 7.30 A.M. the wards are still shrouded in gloom in December, and it took a little time to ascertain where the voice came from. "Certainly, Jones," said the Staff Nurse briskly. "I will get it out for you. But how did you manage to run a splinter into your finger? I hope you have not been having parcels while I was away." For, by a rule of the hospital, all parcels are strictly prohibited until the contents have been censored by the medical authorities.

Jones, with the consciousness of an illicit tin of sardines reposing at that moment beneath his pillow, prudently left the question unanswered, while Staff Nurse M'Tavish made her preparations in a businesslike manner.

"Nurse, Nurse," she called, as she saw the indistinct form of the probationer hovering in the doorway. "Come and learn how to remove a splinter. Perhaps *you* may have to remove one some day."

So the probationer came, as in duty bound, and stood by the bedside, while Staff Nurse M'Tavish seized the forefinger of the puny Jones in a firm grasp with one hand, and applied the point of a surgical needle to the hidden end of the splinter with the other.

"He's swinging the lead," said Viney in a discontented voice. "He does not want to go back to the trenches so he is starting a bad finger now."

"Well, you can't talk," retorted the injured Jones, as well as circumstances permitted. "Who got the doctor to put him on chicken and stout, when he had only been in the army a fortnight?"

By this time the splinter had come

clearly into view. It was very thin, pale yellow, and nearly half an inch long. Indeed, such a groan came from the victim after the application of the point of the needle, that Staff Nurse M'Tavish decided to suspend surgical operations, and trust to a combination of luck and skill to complete the work.

"After loosening the end embedded in the phalanx with a sharp needle," she explained for the benefit of the probationer, "grasp the outer end firmly and give a sharp pull."

She proceeded to put these instructions in practice, and grasping the end of the splinter began to pull. The splinter yielded to pressure, and the half-inch grew longer and longer until fully two inches were exposed to view. But the end was not yet in sight, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish was gazing at the finger in perplexity, when a suppressed giggle from the patient diverted her thoughts. She gave a more vigorous pull, and another length of splinter came into her hand. Her suspicions crystallized into certainty. Angrily dropping the finger, which but a moment before had been the center of surgical interest, she exclaimed—

"Jones, I'll not have you wasting my time like this. You are old enough to know better," and walked out of the ward.

The probationer seized the discarded finger and examined it with interest. The cause of the trouble soon became evident. The youthful Jones had unraveled a strand of raffia, and piercing a small hole in the outer skin of his finger, had introduced one of the threads. He had allowed Staff Nurse M'Tavish to pull the free end as much as she liked, while he retained the other end beneath his thumb concealed in the palm of his hand. The probings with the surgical needle had not been part of the original program, *mais il faut souffrir pour reussir*, and the success of the joke had been gloriously ap-

parent. The ward shook with laughter.

Days in hospital fall naturally into three divisions. The mornings are given up to medical treatment, the afternoons to open-air pursuits, and the evenings to indoor amusements; or, as the patients sometimes express it, the mornings are spent in waiting for the doctor, the afternoons in waiting for a motor drive, and the evenings in waiting until the next ward has finished with the gramophone. The military authorities do their best to cater for the lighter side of life, and provide draughts, cards, and dominoes for the amusement of the patients, while a benevolent public supplements their efforts by gifts of elaborate jigsaws. Occasionally two feeble invalids may be seen seated at a table endeavoring, with languid interest, to put a jigsaw together; but the complexity of these works of art, the frequent interruptions and upheavals due to the necessity of preparing the table for meals, and the almost invariable absence of certain essential parts, prevent these puzzles from taking a high place in popular favor.

Cards are great favorites, and, as hours in hospital are long, long hours, much time is whiled away in playing Solo Whist, and Cribbage. Bridge is as yet unknown in the wards, and Auction Bridge is still unheard of. Occasionally a very up-to-date patient would remark with pride that he had played a hand of Bridge once in the trenches, but his knowledge would be too hazy to allow him to initiate his fellow-patients in the mysteries.

M'Vean was a devotee of all games of cards, and, surrounded by a pile of cigarettes, would cheerfully settle down with three companions for the afternoon. Long practice had enabled them to use a bed for a table without disturbing or wrinkling the fair white surface. Once the probationer saw him in the act of handing over five

cigarettes from the large pile at his side to his opponent, Kilbride.

"Now, I know, M'Vean," she cried, light suddenly breaking upon her, "why you never refuse cigarettes when they are handed round, although you never smoke."

"Weel, sister," said M'Vean guilelessly, "there's no knowing when a tab may come in handy, so it's as weel to take them when they are handed round."

On Sunday morning M'Vean and his three companions settled down to their game as usual, as soon as the ward had been swept and dusted. Staff Nurse M'Tavish could hardly believe her eyes when she caught a glimpse of the scene of depravity through the doorway.

"I'll no have card-playing in my ward on Sunday," she exclaimed furiously, as she bore down upon the culprits. "You, at least, M'Vean, ought to know better. What would your meenister say if he saw you now?"

"Shure, Sister, we will put the bed so tidy you won't know a soul has been near it the day," said O'Ryan persuasively.

But Staff Nurse M'Tavish ignored his blandishments.

"It is a very wicked thing to play cards on Sunday," she continued, "and if you don't stop this minute I'll take the whole pack and throw it in the fire."

The players, seeing that she had every intention of carrying out her threat, hastily gathered up the cards and sought refuge from the eye of wrath in the grounds. Only M'Vean remained, gazing dismally upon the scene of his discomfiture.

Next Sunday there was only one transgressor from the path of virtue in Ward B., and that was M'Vean, who, seated beside his bed, was endeavoring methodically to unravel a very complicated Patience.

When Staff Nurse M'Tavish beheld him, her fury knew no bounds. That he, her countryman, should be the one to set her authority at defiance and defile the Lord's Day, added to the bitterness of the offense. It seemed, in her eyes, an unjustifiable blot upon her national honor.

"M'Vean," she cried, "have I no told you last week that it is a very wicked thing to touch a card on Sunday, and here I find you breaking the commandments again."

"But," said the culprit in injured tones, "it's no cards I'm playing."

"M'Vean, I'll no have you making bad worse by telling me a lie. You know as well as I do the place to which liars go."

"But," repeated M'Vean stolidly, "I tell you it's no cards I'm playing. It is Patience, and Patience is a Sunday game."

Driven to exasperation by this sophistry, Staff Nurse M'Tavish, feeling that the salvation of a human soul was at stake, seized the pack and flung it into the fire. The flames licked hungrily round the cards, just in the same way, so it seemed to the agitated Staff Nurse, as the Powers of Evil would seize upon the unhappy M'Vean and devour him with fiery torments, unless he amended his evil ways.

"Now you have gone and done it, old man," cried Lamb in lugubrious tones. "How are we to get a game tomorrow?"

"Hoots," said the recalcitrant M'Vean, "it's no matter. I have another pack in my locker."

Practical jokes were the pastimes which appealed most to Jones and his friend Lamb. Often Akerman, jumping hurriedly into bed just as lights were being put out, would come in contact with a mass of prickly horse-chestnuts or holly leaves and spring on to the floor with a shout of anguish. Repetition never seemed to impair the infinite humor of this joke, nor did it

spoil the other great favorite, "the Pseudo Patient." Just at bedtime a bolster, with the upper end swathed in bandages, would be arranged in the vague likeness of a human form, in one of the empty beds. As soon as Night Sister appeared in the ward her attention would be drawn to the new case, who seemed very ill, and if in the kindness of her heart she would bend, carefully shading her light, over the prostrate form, the delight of the originators of the joke was unbounded.

One day, at tea-time, Ward B. invented a new joke. Mrs. Noggs, the ward-maid, who had been hurrying round with mugs of tea for the patients in bed, was suddenly heard to utter a piercing shriek and to exclaim, "It's enough to give a body a turn, that it is. I always said Germans was nasty things, but I never knew they looked like that."

"Really, Mrs. Noggs," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish coldly, as the agitated ward-maid brushed past her with an utter disregard for the deference due to superiors which is daily inculcated in hospital, "you must not make so much noise. Remember in hospital there must be absolute quiet."

Mrs. Noggs was too much agitated to be at all chastened by this rebuke, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish, seeing her words had no effect, decided to waste no more time over the matter, and went into the ward to begin a dressing.

"Sister, Sister," called Jackson, as soon as he saw her, "would you like to see a German's finger. Callaghan has one."

A convoy had arrived two or three days before, and Callaghan had been one of the new comers to the ward. He was lying propped up in bed, surrounded by pillows of all dimensions, and on the sheet in front of him lay a little cardboard box.

"Have you, Callaghan?" asked Nurse M'Tavish; "where did you get it?"

"I brought it back with me from the front," said Callaghan proudly. "Would you be caring to see it, Sister?"

Swayed by mingled feelings of disgust, and desire not to miss anything, Staff Nurse M'Tavish hesitated. Finally curiosity won the day, and she leaned eagerly over the bed.

Callaghan slowly took off the lid and removed several layers of cotton wool. Then he disclosed to view a yellow, hideous object, nestling in a bed of white wool.

Staff Nurse M'Tavish shuddered.

"How horrible!" she cried. "What a disgusting thing to keep in your locker, and how disagreeable it smells"; and she turned hastily away.

The probationer, who happened to be passing at that moment, impelled by morbid curiosity, hastened to see the unpleasant sight.

Callaghan watched her intently.

"What a dreadful thing," she cried, "how can you keep it?" and then she stopped quite suddenly. The finger seemed remarkably plump and unshriveled, to have been carried about as a souvenir for so long, and forcing herself to look again, she detected a faint, scarcely perceptible movement in the box.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it is your own finger sticking through a hole in the box, and not a German finger at all."

"How did you guess?" cried Callaghan in surprise, "and me painting it with iodine and all. But hush, Sister, not a word, here comes Mrs. James. Just wait till you hear her scream when I show it to her."

He carefully wrapped the finger in its layers of cotton wool, and replacing the box on the bed settled down complacently to await events.

(To be continued.)

Blackwood's Magazine.

WOMAN'S SHARE IN THE WAR'S WORK.

On a wonderful summer's morning in mid-August, 1914, at about seven o'clock, I was one of a little group in the Square of Chelsea Barracks, when the Third Battalion of the Coldstream Guards were waiting to march out for a destination unknown. They were almost the earliest unit to go on active service, and their women folk—mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts—knew that the call of war, real war, as the first terrible stories from Belgium were telling, had come to the British Army. Farewells were said quietly and calmly, the babies and toddling mites were held up for a last kiss, girls braced themselves up to smile even as they said and heard the parting words. Every woman in that group bore herself with a superb self-restraint and a proud confidence that now, after more

than fifteen months, one realizes was a true foreshadowing of the attitude of the women of the Empire during the War.

The wider word of Empire rather than the nation is used with intent. In Canada and Australia, in New Zealand and South Africa, the women have shown devotion and a readiness to help not one whit less than those of the Motherland. An awakening has come even to India's women, and the ladies of the ruling chiefs as well as those of the wealthy mercantile families of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras have supported Red Cross work for the Indian troops sent overseas, and have contributed comforts in money and in kind.

It is natural in any survey of the help that women have rendered in this

country to give pride of place to the splendid services of the nurses. After the South African War it became quite evident that, even with the system of a Reserve that the Princess Christian had brought about, the old Army Nursing Service was inadequate for any huge demand that should arise. An entire reconstitution of it took place early in the last reign, and it became Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service with a Matron-in-Chief officially installed at the War Office. Later there was linked to it in an elastic kind of way the nursing of the twenty-three General Hospitals which were part of the Territorial scheme of defense in the event of invasion. This service of Territorial nursing also had its Matron-in-Chief. Beyond that again came a system of hospitals directed by the British Red Cross Society, which were to utilize the services of Voluntary Aid Detachments that had prepared themselves in peace time for the demands that war might make.

Soon after the war cloud burst, the regular Army Nursing Service numbered 24 matrons, 104 sisters, 156 nurses, and a large reserve who could be called upon for active service. In these very early days, too, the Territorial hospitals were mobilized, and none save the matrons of the great civil hospitals will ever know the strain and difficulty those calls involved when, as in the case of the 1st London General Hospital at St. Gabriel's College, Camberwell, it was entirely staffed from St. Bartholomew's. Yet one and another adapted herself to the changed conditions, and each sister and each nurse who remained in the civilian wards cheerfully remained on duty for extra hours till readjustments could be brought about.

Even today we do not know what were the first calls made on the profession. One ship alone took away some 250 to a port in France, and before the

end of September there were many large contingents sent out to reinforce them. Meantime various modifications of the original plans for the treatment of the wounded have been made. At this moment, the wounded or sick are kept no longer than is possible in the base hospitals in France, Alexandria, or Malta, but are transferred home to vast auxiliary military hospitals. The regular Army Service has been supplemented from many directions. Canadian and Australasian nurses have come over by scores and by hundreds not only to tend their own kith and kin in the special hospitals maintained for them by private generosity, but to be unreservedly at the orders of the Matron-in-Chief to go wherever they are needed.

But even were it possible to give the actual numbers of women who are tending the sick and wounded, that would be a very formal and inadequate record of their work in this direction. Through the British Red Cross Society, through organizations like the French Flag Nursing Corps, through the hospitals equipped by special efforts, this has been a truly splendid phase of woman's work. It has been recognized in the dispatches of Sir John French; we have heard of Violetta Thurston calmly going on with her almost hopeless task of mitigating the wretchedness in the Warsaw hospital with the shells dropping in the street below; we have read of the wonderful exertions by which Sister Kiddle, from Guy's Hospital, and her co-workers, transformed and made ready in a few hours a great chateau near Versailles for the reception of the wounded; we have gained a glimpse of Miss Muriel Benington and the other nurses who endured the wretchedness of that wild night in October, 1914, when the hospital ship *Rohilla* went to pieces on the coast near Whitby, and who volunteered after a few days' rest to resume

similar work on another hospital ship rather than accept less dangerous posts in a Naval hospital ashore; and we have bent our heads in humble tribute to Mrs. Percy Dearmer and those other noble women who succumbed to the epidemic of typhus in Serbia last spring.

These are the embodiments of the finely animating spirit that has run through the hundreds who have given their willing devotion. It has inspired the quiet little member of a Voluntary Aid Detachment in some humble or monotonous task in which she has served; it has led women of education to go into hospital stores and kitchens to do, if need be, the dullest of menial tasks.

We had had quite eight months of war before the Government recognized that women would have to take a much greater share in the organized industry of the country and the provision of war munitions than had hitherto been admitted. Let it be conceded to the leaders of the Suffragist movement, both Militant and Constitutional, that they had foreseen a much greater scope for women's collaboration than the heads of either Government departments or those in direction of Trades Unions. Within a very few days of the commencement of hostilities we had Women's Emergency Corps offering to supply women as lift attendants or ticket-collectors; as tram and omnibus conductors, or to take charge of delivery vans; as assistants in trades like that of grocery, hitherto reserved by men for themselves, or to act as porters, commissionaires, and so forth.

Such proposals were received at first with good-natured smiles of mild interest. But all these claims have been made good. These are the very tasks that women are fulfilling at this moment, together with many more like them. The messenger girl is bringing you the urgent communication that

cannot wait for the post. In the Post Office itself there are between 500 and 600 women sorters employed in London alone, and in the suburbs are 200 post women engaged in the daily delivery of letters. The railways are availing themselves of feminine service in their various clerical departments as well as in the issue and the collection of tickets, while at the book-stall it will be from the hands of a girl that you receive your newspaper or magazine. We are quite accustomed now to seeing the milk or the bread or the meat brought to the door by a young woman, unless in the general shortage of supernumerary laborers we have had a polite request to call for and carry home these commodities for ourselves. The tea, the butter, and the cheese are no less deftly weighed and packed by the girl behind the grocer's counter than by her brother.

In farm and agricultural work they have been of real help. Men over middle age and lads under seventeen have done the heavier labor of ploughing and manure carrying on the land, but women have shown themselves capable of managing the cows and the sheep. Many girls have learned how to milk, and under the present system, by which practically all the milk is sent away to the towns, there is very little on a large dairy farm that women cannot manage. The factory system has, in fact, spread far and wide into dairying, and if the milk is not consigned to the dealers, it is taken to creameries, where in butter and cheese-making skilled women with technical knowledge are largely employed. Of course in the rearing of calves and in poultry management there is nothing that women cannot manage unassisted by men.

The schools of horticulture and gardening have never had a year so busy as this has been, and girls have wanted to learn the elements of fruit and vegetable growing in order to turn

to the utmost account any ground at their disposal. Last spring such efforts made a useful contribution to the food supplies of the country; in the coming months they will do a great deal more, especially after the encouragement that County Councils have bestowed upon such efforts. The rural clergy of the Church of England, and the ministers of the Nonconformist Churches, have often had it in their power to advise that more attention should be paid to the garden and its produce, and right well it has been exercised. Viscount Milner's Departmental Committee at the Board of Agriculture has pointed out that pigs might again be advantageously reared in connection with small holdings, and, for that purpose, the utilization of all land that will grow even coarse crops may well enjoy the consideration of women.

It was in April that the Board of Trade put forward its first appeal to women to register themselves, as willing to learn to make shell and ammunition, to do leather work and brushmaking—three phases of industry of special importance to armies in the field, and the last particularly so, from the part that motor machinery is playing in the war. The response of women at first somewhat tarried. It was an initial mistake to utilize the Labor Exchanges as the only recording agency. The Board itself always set great store by them, but the average woman, and especially the better class domestic servant, the typist, the clerk, and largely the dressmaker, regarded them as a kind of last resource when all other means of finding employment had failed.

Some, however, of the more educated women, willing to do anything that would be of service, overcame their prejudices and went to them. Then came delays, due largely to the problems of securing the exquisitely fine machine tools required in munition

work, and also to the fact that the enormously enhanced demands for explosives and projectiles of all calibres meant also the erection of vast ranges of buildings when labor was constantly becoming scarcer. The great private firms as Vickers, Kynochs, Eleys, and so forth, secured women workers literally by the thousand, and those who had ministered to the "luxury trades" had only to transfer themselves to the vocations that needed them, while various measures were taken to give the preliminary instruction. It is a splendid and inspiring record to hear of what they have done in this direction for the State. None are, perhaps, in a better position to estimate the real increase in the feminine army of industry than the Young Women's Christian Association, which from the outset of the call of the munition factories for women's labor set themselves to deal with the new problems of catering and recreation that would present themselves. Their latest returns point to the fact that something over a million more women and girls are engaged in industrial employ than was the case before the war.

Another very significant fact is that the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund, started to meet the distress which it was expected would be felt throughout the dressmaking, millinery, and blouse-making trades, has been able to close all its centers, save one or two in which elderly and somewhat unhelpable women are receiving some practical instruction that would make them useful as home helps to working-class mothers. The Fund last winter rendered very useful service in utilizing the labor of those who had not adapted themselves to the new conditions, and made clothing for the destitute Belgian refugees, while it taught to many the art of re-making partly worn garments, and how children's school wear might be made on lines that would be hygienic

and comfortable to themselves and lessen the mother's labors at the wash-tub. It opened classes, too, for girls, in which to learn various skilled crafts, and the £170,000 or so that was subscribed undoubtedly helped greatly in the transition period when the old demands had passed, and the new openings had not yet been found.

So unexpected have been many of the actual results of the war, that wise people are not surprised now at any strange consequences. About thirty years ago the educationist of the day deprecated an insistence upon the teaching of needlework and knitting. We all know the line of argument. The factory has superseded handicraft; why, therefore, waste a girl's time on learning to make the things she can buy cheaper? Yet, by one of those astonishing examples of the irony of things, it has been precisely over these rather despised efforts that women have rendered help so entirely valuable that there has arisen a new department under the War Office with a Director-General of Voluntary Organizations, in the capable and genial personality of Col. Sir Edward Ward, in order that the country shall utilize to the utmost the goodwill and the stitchery of the women.

The Queen it was who first recognized that with some method and encouragement there was a latent field of energy in this direction that might be turned to the most valuable account. For many years past her Majesty has been intimately associated with the Needlework Guild. It was in fact a connection that dated from her own girlhood, and since her marriage, as Duchess of York, as Princess of Wales, and as Queen, no winter has passed without her actual supervision of the collection made in London, and its classification for the use of hospitals, poor parishes, such centers as the Bermondsey Settlement or the Crossways Mission, and other

religious and philanthropic organizations. Thousands of useful garments were contributed year by year, and the Queen was therefore in possession of knowledge as to the capacities of women to collaborate in meeting the new needs certain to arise.

The appeal was put forward within ten days of the outbreak of the war. Queen Mary's Needlework Guild was to be the great clearing-house of all that women were prepared to make, and the first need was that of flannel shirts. The supplies were insufficient for the men being hurried out to France. Some three days later nearly every woman was struggling with the intricacies of "band and gusset and seam," and the range of sizes sent in would have enabled a pygmy or a giant to be fitted. But the average Englishwoman has the saving grace of common sense, and it occurred to not a few when they compared their amateur efforts with the shapely and well fitting garments of their husbands' or brothers' wear that it might after all be better either to buy them ready-made or to pay expert workers to make them. Thus was distress averted and suitable shirts came in to St. James's Palace, the headquarters of the Guild.

In the autumn of 1914, the fear of paralyzed industries and want of employment, with consequent widespread distress, were gloomy anticipations that affected the character of the work sent in. Clothing for poor women and children it was thought would be widely needed, and as a fact, before the smooth working of the system of separation allowances, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association distributed something like 62,000 useful items of attire to wives and children of those called at short notice to the front. In the months now concluding entirely changed needs have had to be met. Taken all round, the working-class woman, including the soldier's wife, is better off

than she has ever been before. In fact, the difficulty of the "pushing" outfitters in populous districts has been that they cannot, on account of the shortage of women workers, get the smart little frocks and jackets, the velveteen suits and the colored jerseys that mothers in their comparative affluence are wanting for the girls and boys. The marked improvement in the general standard of children's clothing has been noticed over and over again by experienced school teachers.

That does not, however, imply that the activities of the Queen's Guild have ceased. On the contrary, there are greater needs than ever, which are exercising women's skill in a wholly new direction. In January last it occurred to a little group of ladies and gentlemen living in Kensington that they might usefully undertake to supply bandages, night shirts, and similar hospital requisites. They made a successful start, and then the borough of Marylebone thought they could do something of the same character. In their midst lived Miss Ethel McCaul, R.R.C., one of the most experienced of war nurses, who had been all through South Africa, and who through Queen Alexandra's special intervention was attached to the Red Cross Service of Japan in the war with Russia. An influential committee was formed, and she was called in as honorary organizer. She knew, of course, all the subtleties of "many tail" and "T" bandages, she knew the lines that a night shirt for a helpless case should follow, she understood what was wanted in pneumonia jackets, or ward shoes to cover feet swollen and bandaged to perhaps four times the normal proportions.

Very gladly did a band of ladies at first work under her directions. More and still more, however, wanted to come and assist, until the fine mansion in Cavendish Square of Lord Crawford was none too large to take in the work-

ers in the several departments. The Queen gave her recognition to this work by constituting it the Surgical Branch of her own Guild, but out of it now has grown a colossal work of mercy. Up and down the country have sprung up something like fifty Surgical Supply Associations, all of which are in affiliation with it, and each one represented on the Central Council. More recently still, the British Red Cross Society has turned its attention to this branch of service, and the President and Council of the Royal Academy have set apart a number of the Galleries at other times devoted to the year's modern art, or the loan collections of the old Masters, for this beneficent labor of mercy. Both these bodies as well as the Order of St. John are working in the most complete accord with the new department of Voluntary Organization.

Obviously, if surgeons and nurses are to be practically assisted, it is necessary that everything made should conform to the standard patterns of the leading hospitals. Without central control, working parties would have made things on the lines and the proportions they imagined to be right, and when it came to the dressing of a shattered shoulder and chest, the "many tail" might have proved just too short or too narrow for what was wanted. Moreover, should a call come from one of the bases for 500 pneumonia jackets or 10,000 of some particular shape of sterilized swab, the new department knows where any working party has specialized in those directions.

The final distinction that these women, working so quietly and without fuss or parade, have won is that of earning a war service badge. It will not be bestowed for less than three months of regular effort in connection with one of the organizations officially recognized by the Director-General, and the worker must be recommended

for it by the responsible head of the workroom committee, as the Mayor or Lord Lieutenant of the town or county center. It is the tribute that the gentle, the more homely means of aid, have gained before many more showy and assertive efforts, and its significance is undeniable.

Medical women have rendered very valuable aid, and in so doing have advanced their own position in a marked degree. Their useful help in France under Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray led the Army Medical Department to recall these ladies to take up the greater responsibility of the Military Hospital of 520 beds in Endell Street, and this was their first triumph; their second was when the Scottish Women's Hospital Unit was stopped in the Mediterranean on the voyage to Serbia to take charge of the wounded who were being brought to Malta from the Dardanelles. But even among those now rendering the most devoted service to the victims of the war, there is a sense that this is but a passing phase of what they have accomplished. When the special calls on behalf of the sick and wounded have ceased, their real advance will be found in the opening—never to be closed again—that they have gained in the house appointments of the great hospitals. They have come to their own, by rising to the opportunity when it presented itself.

We shall never be able to reduce to cold figures and statistics the work of our women. There is not a parish up and down the land in which the clamant needs of our men have not brought all together, regardless of the church they attend, to work in the way that seemed most useful. Congregations have made themselves responsible for the comfort of perhaps three or four men who formerly worshiped with them, and who in the trenches, or more still in the prisoners' camps in Germany, have

been thankful for the comforts in clothing or the welcome boxes of provisions supplied through feminine organization and goodwill. The Young Men's Christian Association enlisted the support of Princess Victoria in their truly great work of supplying huts at the railway termini here and at the camps in France, and new influences have been quietly at work that have led many a man to think far more seriously on those things which belong unto his peace.

It is no very alluring task, to come down night after night to a buffet on a draughty railway platform or even in a hut to serve men with coffee and other refreshments. Yet for months ladies accustomed to comfortable and luxurious surroundings have done it. One recalls Mr. Kipling's mention of a French Countess whom he knew when she thought life impossible without two maids, a manicurist, and some one to look after her pet dogs. When he met her on his last visit to France she was spending all her days and a good part of her nights mending and disinfecting the clothing of soldiers.

Of the individual acts of heroism that the war has brought forward on the part of women there are enough to fill volumes. Not the least splendid have been some of those of the French Sisters of Mercy. They have won the distinction of mention in Army Orders, while other French nurses have done wonders. Quite recently the King conferred the Cross of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem on Mademoiselle Juliette Caron, who rendered the most valuable help to the wounded in the retirement after Mons, and who has linked her name with one of the British Army's immortal deeds of valor by saving the survivors of the dauntless L Battery of Royal Field Artillery. Further, the French War Office has mentioned the names of over twenty nurses for specially splendid services in dis-

patches, and has conferred the medal—only won for very exceptional care and devotion—for nursing infectious diseases upon fourteen dauntless women. An English nurse, Miss Florence Cross, who received her training at the Middlesex Hospital, has also earned a *Medaille d'Honneur* while with the French Flag Nursing Corps which has rendered such fine service to our Allies. It came to her with a diploma personally signed by M. Millerand, the French War Minister, and this refers to the devotion she displayed during an epidemic of diphtheria which she contracted herself almost to the loss of her own life.

The Empire may well thank God it has women of the type of Edith Cavell, who for all time will take her place amid the noble army of martyrs. Less would one speak of the quiet calm of mind which could be grateful to her jailers for ten weeks in which to think, for the true spirit of faith that realized there was something even beyond patriotism, and that would not take a bitter thought to the grave and gate of death, than of the universal tribute of recognition of all these qualities. For this has shown that certain manifestations of cynicism, things that seemed to some a passing of the sense of reverence, a tendency, perhaps, to belittle the ideal and the spiritual, were mere bubbles on the surface. It is good to realize that as a people we still venerate a great example of duty well fulfilled in life and the Christian courage in death. When the noble memorial that Sir George Frampton is designing as a labor of love to be expressed in the beautiful marbles and metals that the "Shilling Fund" of the *Daily Telegraph*—one of the most immediately successful that the paper ever had—is providing for his use, it will be one of the highest of the inspirations that will have come out of the suffering and sorrow of all the war.

There are, too, the many acts of self-denial and kindness that never earn any record in writing. No fame and no distinction is to be earned by going to read the paper daily to some elderly folk who have a grandson at the front; it is quite commonplace to take charge of a group of boisterous youngsters in order that their mother may attend an intercessory service; it may be thankless work to act as a woman-patrol in the vicinity of a camp on dark and gloomy evenings. "I am trying to do my bit" is the only explanation that you will hear if you comment on what may seem some particularly arduous and irksome task.

These are not yet the days to predict the social and economic results to follow the war. But we do know that many extravagances of dress, and personal luxury and indulgence have been checked, and that the calls to avoid all waste in household expenditure have enjoyed the most intelligent acceptance by women. They have realized with a clearness of vision that a few months before the war would have seemed impossible that the conservation of our food supplies may have very important bearings as the war goes on. The wise outlay of money that shall maintain the volume of trade that is desirable, and at the same time avoid what is useless and unnecessary, has led them to consider these problems from wholly new points of view.

"The women are splendid," has been said by more than one observer of their work, whether in nursing or industry, in providing for the comfort of the men, and in keeping the social organization at its best efficiency. Some few have wished there had been a more outwardly marked religious revival as a result of all these weeks and months of strain. But in this direction people do not perhaps look sufficiently below the surface. The attendance at public worship is distinctly better; and there is

most certainly a more thoughtful and inquiring feeling as to the deep things that matter. These are points that the more pessimistic will admit. Others like Rupert Brooke, are satisfied—

Blow! bugles blow! they brought us for
our dearth,

Holiness lacked so long, and Love and
Pain;

Honor has come back as a king to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And nobleness walks in our ways again,
And we have come into our heritage.

As yet we do not know the fullness of
The London Quarterly Review.

the uplifting. But there has been a passing of much materialism, a truce to many factions not to be reopened again. Women have "found themselves" as never before, in a world torn by stress and suffering on which they have looked with calm, sturdy perception to discover paths that are to lead them to yet greater service to humanity. They have responded to every call made upon them, and it will not be until we can measure their efforts in the full light of what they have meant in the final reckoning with our enemies that the work can be well and truly appraised.

Mary Frances Billington.

BLUEBEARD.

"Dear, o' dear o' me!" groaned Mrs. Lipsett for the fortieth time. "Daddy, I don't know however we're to get along. I'm that stiff!"

"Ah," retorted her husband unconsciously, "ye're like to be at our age."

He was so gnarled, dried-up, and discolored with age that he might almost have been mistaken for a log of wood; Mrs. Lipsett, too, seemed incalculably old—a little, withered, bat-like Margery-of-Quether kind of creature. Her garments, of nondescript shape and of a kind of earthy hue, gave an uncanny suggestion of loosened mummy-wrappings. As she went about her household tasks, tacking about the kitchen with feeble energy, she looked for all the world like a huge withered leaf, blown hither and thither by the wind. Mrs. Lipsett was obliged to tack, launching herself from the table, proceeding across the flagged floor at a kind of trot, and bringing up against the dresser, to which she would cling for support until such time as she felt strong enough for another sally. If she wheeled round too suddenly, or paused without support in the middle of the floor, she was apt to "come over

giddy," on which occasions she would turn feebly round and round until she fell down. Daddy would then bestir himself, heave up his crooked stick, and hammer at the wall. The neighbor, who was about the same age as the old couple and almost equally decrepit, would hobble in, and would endeavor, usually without success, to hoist that pathetic little bundle of rags on to its feet again. When she failed to do so, it was necessary for her to toddle at the best pace she could to the end of the row and rouse old Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins, when once upon his feet, could go at quite a prodigious pace, and it would now be his duty to amble down the lane and fetch "the young woman"; this personage, a thin rheumatic spinster of sixty-seven or so, would then start off at a stiff run, and in due course the exhausted Mrs. Lipsett would be hauled upon her feet again and propelled into a battered elbow-chair, facing her helpless husband.

Heaven knows what the little community would have done without "the young woman," Martha Whitley. They were all so old! The cluster of cottages, tucked away in a corner of Kent-

ish down land, built of clay and weather-boards, had been intended for the housing of farm laborers. Adam Lipsett could remember when they were known as the "New Cottages," and when the tilled land came up to the edge of the lane. But somehow the marsh had encroached again, sliding wet fingers underneath the rows of sickly wheat; the farmer's gold sank in those unplumbed depths, and the land went back to reedy pasture.

The rent of the cottages was low, the track leading to them from the village grass-grown. "The young woman" would go down it on Saturdays to do the marketing for all, and once or twice a year of a Sunday she would tread it on her way to church. Rent collectors and relieving officers were the only visitors who ever set foot in it, and the chickens of the cottages bathed in the dust, undisturbed by fear of horse or wheel, from year's end to year's end. Some of the old couples, the Lipsetts among others, had borne and reared children in the far-away years of their youth. But these, like birds, had long ago fluttered out into the world, and had not been heard of for many a day. The postman never came up the path now.

"I doubt our children are all i' their graves, daddy," Mary Lipsett said one day. "I could wish to have buried them myself, as we did our Annie. Do you remember our Annie?"

"Eh?" said the old man, and when she had repeated the question in her shrill cracked voice, he nodded his head.

"Yes, to be sure, yes, Annie! She were the one wi' yaller curls; you used to do 'em round your finger."

He craned his head forward like an old tortoise to peer at his wife round the flap of his chair. "It do seem long ago. Times I gets mazed sitting here and thinkin' back on it all."

"Ah, well, daddy, we're nearin' the end ourselves now," remarked Mrs.

Lipsett contentedly. "The Almighty's good to have left us together. There's John Whitley now, a widow these thirty years, and Jane next door as has lost two husbands."

"True, Mary, true. We have a lot to be thankful for," murmured the old man.

A quick footfall sounded without, and at every step something rang sharply on the stones. A tap came at the door.

"Come in," called the old couple in quavering duet. Mrs. Lipsett made a trembling run at her own chair, clutched the back, righted herself, and was pulling herself into it hand over hand when the stranger entered.

It was a young—a very young—officer. His first act was to fly to the aid of the old woman, his spurs clanking as he crossed the flagged floor.

Mrs. Lipsett burst into cackling laughter when she found herself lifted bodily on to her chair; as a rule it took her several minutes of crab-like scrambling before she could settle herself.

"Well, daddy!" she exclaimed.

"Now you mustn't let me disturb you," said the boy. "I only just came to tell you—I only want to know if you can take in one of my lads here."

"Your lads!" ejaculated Mary. "Why what age are you yourself?"

"Oh, I don't mean a child," explained the young man, a fiery blush mounting to his already heated brow. "One of my troopers you know—soldiers."

Daddy Lipsett emitted a wheezy chuckle.

"But what would we do with one o' them here?" asked Mary alarmed.

"Well, I really meant to go to the cottage at the corner," replied the soldier, "but there was no one at home, so I thought I'd see if I couldn't get a billet for him here. It's only one," he added encouragingly. "I've got all the others in the village."

"Do you mean to sleep here?" gasped Adam. "Why, we haven't but the one bed."

"Oh, he won't want any bed," cried Captain Windrow quickly. "But of course I won't put him here—it would be too much for an old pair like you. Don't you worry; I'll try next door."

"But Jane's a sight older nor we are!" exclaimed Mary, not without triumph. "I daresay we're the youngest in the row, aren't we, daddy?"

"What!" ejaculated the young man.

"Yes," chimed in Adam complacently. "'Twas the young woman's house as you went to first, sir, but ye sees she be gone down to village to get all our pensions today. Ah," he continued proudly, "we be all getting the old age pension, only Martha, and she do fetch the money for us."

"Well, 'twould be nice to have a young youth about, daddy, wouldn't it?" queried Mary. "It 'ud put us in mind of our own. We've a nice room too, an' I'm sure our soldiers is welcome to all we have."

"I don't think he'd give much trouble," said Captain Windrow. "But perhaps it would be too much for you"; he spoke dubiously.

"We'd do our best," Mrs. Lipsett observed. "When would ye be sending him?"

"Well—tonight," he hesitated.

"Tonight!" exclaimed the old pair in horror.

"Now, just you let the boy do everything for himself and don't you bother about him," said Windrow; "I'll look in tomorrow, and if you can't do with him I'll shift him."

Shortly after the officer's departure, there came another tap at the Lipsetts' door. Then it was set ajar, and the dusty, sunburned face of a young trooper was thrust, shyly grinning, into the aperture.

"Mun I come in?" he asked. "Is this Lipsett's?"

"Yes, come in, ye're welcome," said Mary, trying to get on to her feet, while

Adam twisted his neck in the vain effort to catch a glimpse of the new-comer.

The trooper backed out again and was presently heard vigorously wiping his feet on the grass outside. Presently he entered, walking gingerly, and paused just within the door. He carried a sausage-shaped bundle under one arm, and in the other hand bore his mess tin, into which his rations had been packed indiscriminately.

After a glance at the clean floor, he dropped his kit, sat down on it, and, having unwound his puttees, began silently to unlace his boots. The Lipsetts watched him, somewhat alarmed. Having taken off his boots, the soldier dropped them outside the door, and, coming back, picked up his bundle.

"Now then, missus," he said, "would ye mind showing me where I'm to put this 'ere?"

"That's the room, through there," cried Mary, pointing, "but I haven't had time to do anything to it yet."

"Reet," said the soldier. Having flung his belongings through the door indicated, he returned in his shirt-sleeves, picked up the bucket which stood in the corner, and went out. The creak of the well could be heard, and then a sound of sousing and splashing.

"You ask him his name, daddy, when he comes back," urged Mrs. Lipsett.

The trooper presently reappeared, very red as to face and very moist as to hair.

"Won't ye catch cold without your boots?" ventured Mary.

He grinned. "You'd soon have ye'r nice floor mucked up if I'd kep' 'em on," he remarked. "Mun I fill kettle?"

He strode to the hearth in his stout gray socks and weighed the kettle in his hand.

"What's your name, young man?" queried daddy.

"I'm called Ned Birch," said the soldier. "Mun I fill kettle?"

"Oh, don't you trouble yourself, Mr. Birch," returned Mary. "The young woman 'ull be in directly. I'm sorry not to be able to get about an' see to things."

"Aw," remarked Ned, in a deprecating tone. He gazed at his hostess and then at the kettle, and finally went out to fill it without further words. The old couple could hear him shuffling into his boots and duly kicking them off again on the threshold.

Daddy suddenly began to chuckle and rubbed his one serviceable hand on his withered knee.

"Mother," he said, leaning forward, "Mother, I'll be able to have a smoke by and by. The young chap'll make my pipe draw for me."

Daddy, being exceedingly short of breath, could seldom accomplish this feat unaided.

Mrs. Lipsett did not answer. She was engaged in toppling out of her chair on to her feet, with the intention of laying the tablecloth. The trooper, however, frustrated her.

"See 'ere, missus," he observed, with a roll of the head. "Just you set down an' tell me wheer to find things. Theer's no call for you to upset yourself."

"You're very good, I'm sure, Mr. Birch," said the old woman tremulously. "I see you've cut some sticks too."

"Nobbut a two-three to make kettle bile," said the trooper. "But I'll chop ye a nice few at arter."

He grinned at them encouragingly, and then squatting on his heels, proceeded with clumsy goodwill to build up the fire.

When the young woman presently arrived, and paused, panting, in the doorway, her nostrils were greeted by the pleasant smell of hot toast.

The old people were each munching a thick slice, and a large young man in a gray shirt and khaki breeches knelt on the hearthstone with a third slice of

bread balanced on the point of the breadknife, and his countenance heated to a fine shade of purple.

"This is Mr. Birch, Martha," called Mary excitedly. "He've a-made us some toast. Come in and have a drop o' tea, do. Mr. Birch, this is the young woman as does for us."

Ned acknowledged the introduction by a slight widening of his grin and a clearing of his throat.

"Well," Martha gasped. "Dear, I be warm! I made sure as ye'd be wantin' your tea, and I hurried never so. But I see ye've done nicely without me today."

She had indeed hastened to the cottage, filled with contrition for her delay in the village, and now, finding her compunction unnecessary, was inclined to be aggrieved.

She sat down, however, and threw back her bonnet strings. Ned startled her by suddenly shooting out his arm in her direction with the knife and the bit of toast at the end of it. She gathered that he intended the delicacy for her consumption and was instantly appeased.

Presently the tapping of a stick was heard without, and old Tom Jenkins appeared in the doorway.

"I thought I saw the young woman come in," he observed, fixing his eyes on the opposite wall and feigning to ignore the presence of the stranger, "so I thought I'd just drop in an' ask if she'd chanced to remember my screw of peppermints."

Here, in spite of himself, his eyes wandered to the soldier with uncontrollable curiosity, but he sternly drew them back to the wall again.

"We've got a visitor, ye see," remarked daddy, proudly.

"Eh!" ejaculated Jenkins, "they've never been an' gone an' billeted a soldier on you?"

"They have, though," Mrs. Lipsett retorted.

As she was still speaking "the neighbor" looked in from next door.

"I thought maybe ye'd be at a loss with Martha gone to town," she observed. "But I see ye have company."

She stepped back reluctantly but genteelly, as though about to depart.

"Come in a minute, do, Mrs. Moat," Mary besought her hospitably.

"An' just ax the others to step in along with ye," put in daddy sarcastically, "and then we can have the door shut."

Strange to say Mrs. Rabbit and her sister and old Andrew Goble and his wife did happen to be lingering about outside. They eagerly availed themselves of the invitation, and crowded into the tiny kitchen.

"Mun I make toast for them all?" inquired the trooper in a hoarse whisper, with a dubious glance at the remains of the loaf. "Tell ye what, missus! If I'd knowed as ye was giving a party I'd have made ye a tater cake."

When Captain Windrow called on the following evening the door was open and a pleasant scene met his eyes.

Trooper Birch was washing up the tea-things in a tin bowl and Mrs. Lipsett was wiping them; at the same time he kept an eye on daddy. The old man would take a few feeble whiffs at his pipe and then, when it presently began to go out, hand it over to the other, complaining petulantly that it didn't draw right, and Ned would puff away with great solemnity and presently hand it back, with the remark that it seemed to be goin' a bit better now.

Birch stood up with a sheepish smile when his superior entered, clearing his throat several times with all a Lancashireman's embarrassment at being caught doing a kindness.

"Well, how are you getting on?" Captain Windrow asked. "Can you put up with him, do you think?" He waved his cane in the direction of the

trooper, who was now hanging the cups on the dresser hooks with considerable clatter.

"Very nice," Mrs. Lipsett replied gravely, but with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Yes, thank you, sir, I think we'll be able to put up with him."

She glanced at daddy, and they both broke into cackles of delighted laughter.

* * * * *

"He's a deep 'un, he is," chuckled Trooper Aughton, indicating Ned Birch with a jerk of his mess-tin. The said mess-tin was filled to the brim with a decoction of strong syrupy sea, but owing to its having been indifferently cleaned, the taste of Ceylon was varied by alien savors, of which that of Irish stew predominated. Aughton took a gulp of tea, paused with a critical air, and then, detaching the handle, churned the beverage energetically while delivering himself of the following sentiments:

"Now theer's some lads as has a kind o' a look in their eye as makes you set 'em down as rascals straight away—"

"Same's you," put in Ned, hastily stowing an enormous bite of bread and jam into his cheek; his enunciation being somewhat muffled in spite of this precaution.

"But theer's others," went on Aughton, raising his voice, "as looks as though butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, and mind you, chaps, them's the worst."

"We's bahn to hear some sermon now," remarked Birch.

The rest of the little company waited; there was sure to be "a bit o' fun" when Aughton, the wag of the troop, "got agate." The pause was filled with audible munching and grinding.

"Now yon lad, theer," proceeded Dick Aughton, sure of the attention of his audience. "Eh, lads! To see him supping up pop i' th' canteen ye'd never believe he were sich a blaggard."

"Aw, go on," interrupted Ned, feebly

"Eh, Ned," cried the other wagging his head. "'Owver can yo' 'ave the 'art to treat the poor lasses so? I welly believe theer's a dozen of 'em as he writes to so constant, and each wench thinkin' hersel' the only one, I'll be bound,"

"Give ower," said Ned, grinning.

"'Ark at him!" went on Dick. "Tell ye what, mates, he's worse nor yon chap what's his name, as 'ad sich a many wives."

"Solomon, do ye mean?" cried one.

"Or was it 'Enery the Eighth?" inquired another.

A third mentioned the name of a famous criminal, and a fourth suggested Bluebeard.

"He's a reg'lar bloomin' Bluebeard, that's what he is!" exclaimed Dick in scandalized accents. "I believe he's got a letter to one of 'em in's pocket now. Eh, Ned, why cannot thou keep to th' half-dozen? That's enough for any man."

"Aw, howd thy din, do!" returned Birch indignantly.

"First theer's Eliza," said Aughton. "He writes to Eliza o' Toosdays. Wednesday and Thursday is the widders' days, aren't they, Ned? At least I 'ope they're widders—"

"I wouldn't be too sure o' that," put in a comrade. "Ye never can tell wi' these here desperate fellows. Has he a day i' th' week for each one, Dick?"

"Aye," replied the other. "He did 'ave. But now he's got agate o' doublin' them."

A shout of laughter greeted this sally and from that moment, had Birch been less easy-going and good-tempered, his life would have been made a burden to him. Even the seven special cronies whose tent he shared would rouse him in the morning with queries as to whose turn it was that day. At breakfast he would be greeted with solicitous inquiries as to the health of his fair correspondents, and his neighbors at

morning stables would vary the monotony of their tasks by facetious offers to sell him notepaper, or hilarious suggestions as to the best mode of popping the question.

Birch remained unmoved and continued to write his daily postcard, taking all his friends in unvarying rotation. Every Sunday he slowly and painfully scrawled a letter to Mrs. Lipsett. Had these missives been compared they would have been found to be practically identical; nevertheless they cost Ned fresh agonies of composition each time, and every one afforded its recipient delight as new as though the sentiments it expressed had not been conveyed in slightly different order in the epistles of many previous Sundays.

"Here, lads!" shouted Aughton one morning. "We're bahn to have a weddin' at last. Ned's up and axed for a day's leave. I'll lay any of you half-a-crown to a penny," he declared, "as I'll find out wheer yon owd bird goes o' Saturday, and which o' the girls he's walking out wi'."

"Done," replied Corporal Cookson, between two gulps of beer, his voice sounding hollow out of the pot in which his rubicund face was buried.

"Here, who's on?" cried another man. "Bluebeard v. Dicky Douse. Coom! What's the odds?"

Most of the betting appeared to be on Dick, newly christened "Douse" or cunning.

On the appointed day Dick therefore borrowed a bicycle and cautiously followed in Birch's wake.

It was a true Kentish day. There was a sharp east wind blowing in his face, and whirling up eddies of dust. The road where it dipped into the hollow was nevertheless deep in mud. Ned Birch seemed impervious to these adverse conditions and pedaled away at a great rate, never once looking behind him.

Mile after mile passèd, and Augh-

ton grew more and more apprehensive.

"Well, he'll 'ave to stop when he cooms to the sea, that's one comfort," Dick told himself. "I welly believe naught 'ull stop him nobbut th' way-ter!"

At last, however, when the gray sky appeared suddenly to be split in twain by a curving line of deeper gray, Trooper Birch turned briskly inland, and Dick, rounding the corner too, perceived him pushing his bike up a steep hill at feverish speed.

Aughton paused at the brow to wipe his heated face. His comrade had vanished from sight, but the wavering track of his tires showed up plainly, and Dick presently discovered familiar landmarks. That queer little church with a leaden steeple set a-top of a square tower, the farm on the hill with its black and white beams and ruddy-tiled oast-houses, he had seen them before.

"Ba gum!" gasped Dick. "It's yon little place what we come to for the shooting course."

He hastened down the hill, feeling sure that he was near the end of his journey. He remembered now that he had never seen Birch's billet. They had all been sorry for the lad, stuck away by himself, and thought it very bad management on the part of the billeting officer. Dick paused now at the angle of the road leading to the village, whence a steep stony little track wound away to the right, between green grass edges. This was the way Bluebeard had taken; the wind was but just smudging the fresh tracks in the dust.

Well, he was a close chap was Ned. As like as not there was a snug little pub up there, that the troop had known nothing about. It was there doubtless that Birch had spent all his evenings. Aughton propped his bicycle against the hedge and strolled slowly up the hill—he might as well allow Bluebeard

time to get agate. Dick had no qualms as to the part he himself was playing. He fully expected to find Birch comfortably installed in an inn parlor, exchanging witticisms with several buxom barmaids.

"The chap must be properly gone on one o' them," he reflected with a grin, "to come all this road for an arternoon's sweethearting."

Another bend in the road, where a twisted willow leaned out from the bank, every twig graced with its wide-open yellow catkins, filling the air with the smell of honey. It looked almost as though a flight of canaries had settled on the tree, so bright were the catkins, and so airily poised, like birds for flight. Beyond was a straggling row of cottages, with fowl scratching about the doors—large fluffy mother hens, for the most part, clucking to their broods. A bicycle was leaning against a flowering currant beside an open doorway; Dick Douse advanced a little nearer and then paused; through the door he could see a row of bent shoulders and old hunchy backs; all the heads seemed to be turned one way.

"Dash it!" said Trooper Aughton to himself, "I must ha' followed the wrong bicycle. This don't look like a place as Bluebeard 'ud come to, It mun be a prayer-meetin' or summat o' that mak'. Theer's an awful lot o' chapel folk i' the South."

He approached the house cautiously, and keeping close to the wall, peered in through the window. The little room was indeed filled to overflowing, and in the midst, before a roaring fire, sat Bluebeard, surrounded, as Dick had expected, with womenfolk. Not indeed the fair ladies of the bar that Dick had pictured to himself, but females of almost incredible age and decrepitude. One witchlike little creature was handing him a cup of tea, and propping herself on his chair-back the while. All the withered faces, toothlessly

smiling, were turned towards the young soldier, who was intent on lighting a pipe, which he presently handed to an old man huddled in an armchair by the hearth. Another man, leaning on a stick by the table, was packing away a bundle of letters into a candle-box; his spectacles were still perched on his nose. Mr. Jenkins had, in fact, been entertaining the company by reading aloud the Lipsetts' letters from Bluebeard, while they waited impatiently for their hero to appear. The table, Dick noted further, was hospitably spread. A large cake, heavy in consistency, pale in color, but, thanks to the lavish contributions of all the little community, rich in dripping, graced the center. It was flanked on one side by a bristling dish of prawns, and on the other by a bowl of stewed prunes. A large brown tea-pot was simmering on the hob, and, judging by the variety of the crockery, each crone had brought her own chipped cup and saucer. The youngest of the party, a woman of some sixty-five years of age, was cutting bread and butter.

"Ah, dear!" she cried, with a sudden joyous cackle of laughter. "Do you mind that first evening as you made the toast?"

"I'll make some now," cried the young man, leaping to his feet. "Daddy, is your pipe drawin'? Reet! We's mak' some toast! Martha, gi' us a hold o' that fork."

The Cornhill Magazine.

"That's the toasting-fork as you sent!" cried one old lady.

"I've a-made 'ee a pair o' socks," quavered another.

"We was pleased as you liked the muffler so much. We all took a hand at it," cried the young woman, from the table.

"An' there are all your postcards," put in a fourth voice, and hands were pointed at the gay row, decorating the chimney-piece.

Bluebeard stood up, his fair head reaching nearly to the ceiling, and gazed round at all the beaming old faces. If he perceived the form of the interloper darkening the little window, he paid not the smallest heed to it.

"Ah," he said, squatting down before the fire, the toasting-fork in one hand, the other reached out for the old man's pipe. "It's gradely to be here again for a spell. I reckon I's do now,"

Dick Douse withdrew from the window, and retreated with clumsy caution down the lane, swearing softly to himself the while.

* * * * *

All the attempts made by the troop to discover what really had occurred on that Saturday afternoon proved fruitless, but when any member of it tells the story of Dicky Douse and Bluebeard they always end with a puzzled shake of the head and the remark:

"But the funny part of it is as them two chaps is as thick as thieves now."

Agnes M. Blundell.

CONTRASTS: BENJAMIN DISRAELI AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN

It was my privilege one Sunday evening in July, 1893, to hear Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, deliver from the pulpit in Westminster Abbey his renowned sermon containing a parallel between John Bunyan and Spinoza, the two remarkable contemporaries who never met, probably never heard of

one another, who represented two opposite poles of thought, and yet, in independence of character and in intellectual earnestness were singularly and sincerely akin.

The fascination of comparing and contrasting two remarkable and contemporary characters is very great, and

reading in Monypenny's *Life of Beaconsfield* (so ably combined by Mr. Buckle) his narrative of the astonishing brilliancy of Disraeli's early life, it is greatly interesting to contrast it with the early life and career of one of his greatest contemporaries.

While the youthful Disraeli was storing his receptive mind and brilliant intellect in long and deep reading in his father's well-stocked library at Bradenham, and while he was gaining a practical knowledge of the work of an eminent firm of solicitors in the Old Jewry, dining with Murray in a literary circle or touring on the Continent among the ancient cities of medieval Europe, a close observer of men, a diletante, a connoisseur of art, and an epicure in hotel menus and delicious wines, another youth, six years his junior, was toiling with his father in the outermost fringe of civilization, clearing a spot in the primeval forest, engaged in the gigantic toil of felling trees, and building, without help of any other machinery than their axes and their own strong arms, a log-hut, in which, without door or window, only open spaces for these, they lived through the severity of some American winters, clad, or half clad, in the most primitive garments of deer skins and local flax.

Each of these remarkable youths rose to the highest place in their respective countries, the two great English-speaking nations, and each, surmounting the greatest obstacles, carried by sheer strength of character, force of will, boundless courage and untiring patience, became the trusted leader of a great nation.

The father of Disraeli was literary to the finger-tips, the chosen type of a bookworm and a scholar, whose only recreation from his study and his literary pursuits was to pace the terrace before his comfortable and well-furnished house, in contemplation of his in-

tended writings, or a visit to bookshops and libraries.

The father of Abraham Lincoln was wholly illiterate. Until he had married, we are told, he could not even write his name. He had a passion for pioneering, a man of great courage, strength, and simplicity; whose own father had been killed by Red Indians before his sons' very eyes while clearing or tilling land in the backwoods.

Contrast Disraeli, the life and soul of the most brilliant circles of London society, the wonder and astonishment of old time-worn politicians such as Lord Melbourne, Lord Lyndhurst, and Sir Robert Peel; as great a *beau* and dandy as his chosen friend Count D'Orsay (who, by the way, had more of the deeper and weightier qualities beneath his superficial brilliancy than has generally been conceded to him), wholly unknown to any kind of sport or manual exercise, save that he was a bold and fearless rider, and, given a mount, followed for a spell or two the hounds with all the zest of the field.

Contrast Disraeli in early manhood, dressed in black velvet and the most gorgeous of created waistcoats, his fingers covered with rings, his delicate hands enveloped in long lace cuffs; haunting the most brilliant salons; a wit among wits, the darling of fashionable circles—contrast him with Abraham Lincoln, who, until the age of twenty-one, had for education a few desultory interviews with an occasional pioneer schoolmaster, who instructed his eager intellect in the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic to the Rule of Three—practising himself in these before the fire of a log-cabin, dressed in rude scarecrow garments, writing with charcoal on the back of a wooden shovel, to be shaved with a knife to afford a fresh surface for study. Wholly free from the smallest affectation in dress or appearance—simplicity itself, deeply earnest to learn, having

for literature, besides a few borrowed books, only the Bible, *Aesop's Fables* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which however his mind was deeply stored and his wonderful intellect developed. His days spent in gigantic labor. His gaunt figure, six feet four inches in height, and his prodigious strength, which made him known among that backwoods community as a champion wrestler and lifter of huge weights, but more renowned still for his character—intense love of fair play, generosity to opponents which made him concede every possible claim or advantage to them, imperturbable good temper, gentleness and amiability, with a very clear-headed insight and *savoir faire*, a ready capacity to lead without the smallest self-assertion, and a truthfulness of character which gave him the nickname of "Honest Abe."

In early manhood Disraeli's lavish expenditure, needed to maintain his eager determination to shine as a central figure in the "smart set," and to attract attention and achieve notoriety by the startling splendor of his display in clothing and jewelry, brought him into serious trouble with creditors and money-lenders. He then had recourse to the pen—would sit down and write a sensational and piquant romance, as *Vivian Grey*, *Henrietta Temple*, or *The Young Duke*, obtaining from a publisher a check to relieve the pressure of immediate pecuniary embarrassment, or to enable him to start on a foreign tour to avoid it.

When Lincoln at the same period of his career needed fresh primitive garments he had recourse to the axe, and engaged in a little contract with a tailor—ess to spin him so many yards of flax, and to make him a strong and long and hard-wearing suit, paid for, on his part, by splitting some 600 rails from the forest timber which he furnished her for the fencing of her land, as his part of the bargain.

Here was a somewhat vivid contrast in ways and means adopted on the part of the future Prime Minister and the future President respectively.

Both these remarkable men were superior to money, save as a means of advancing their talents. Each regarded money as merely a working expedient quite beneath their nobility to trouble themselves particularly about. It is deeply interesting to witness this trait, and its clear manifestation in their widely contrasted circumstances, and its clear evidence in their several lives.

It was the possession of this quality of greatness which enabled Benjamin Disraeli to bear lightly the burden of debts which for long years encumbered his early life. It was the confidence in his inner capacity to advance, the sure security which he possessed that he would succeed, and that pecuniary embarrassment need only be patiently regarded as a burden to be temporized with, until he should, as he certainly would, be able to part with it easily in due time. This hopefulness, this long-suffering confidence it was that supported and sustained him through all those early years of defeat and distrust, which he perseveringly and persistently spent in living down the prejudice, and surmounting the opposition that were very widely nurtured against him in the higher circles of rank, wealth, and political power. These he set himself diligently to win over completely to his support and political allegiance, and eventually he entirely succeeded.

His money difficulties would assuredly vanish when the strength of his character and the force of his talents had convinced men of his ability and his worth. He had been to Abbotsford and visited Sir Walter Scott, and lived up to his brave motto—"Time and I against any two." Each had a soul above pelf.

Abraham Lincoln applied for an appointment as land surveyor, and

acquired adequate instruction to become efficient in this occupation, as he said, to keep him in sufficient bread for his sustenance. And this was merely a working expedient to gain time to think, to study, to reason for the right, to argue for the truth in every place where, in those rough backwoods, two or three were anywhere gathered together; among the race of independent pioneer men, for whom the rough expedients and experiences of daily contact with primitive Nature remote from civilization took the place of education.

"Extremes meet"—here was a signal instance of the endless application of this deep proverb; here, where all men were necessarily obliged to take their own part, without supervision of police or Justices of the Peace, to maintain the right, to enforce fair play, to be each in his own sphere the asserter and defender of primeval justice. Here in these forest communities, in these backwoods settlements, on the fringe and border-ground of life, farthest from all the comparative culture and established government of the Atlantic seaboard; here was the training-ground, and here the preparation which nourished the sagacity, and completed the character of one who, unknown to the relatively high civilization of the Eastern States, of New York, or of Boston, was to arrive almost a stranger, even in name, there in their visible presence as their Elected President. To emerge from the pioneer settlement of the West, whose profound confidence he had completely won; to impress them with the strength and honesty of his character, and the clearness of his mind by one or two sound and convincing speeches, and then to proceed to the seat of Government; to assume quite unostentatiously the Presidential chair, to take up the reins of Governmental control, and to steer the ship of State, in the teeth of an impending hurricane,

through four years of civil war in a colossal struggle for National Unity against Slavery and unfathomable national degradation.

Before Lincoln was nominated for election as President, his only travels beyond the Western Pioneer States had been down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. Here only had he touched a long-settled community or seen the sea. What a contrast was this to the preparation of Disraeli, who had wandered through Europe and nourished his brooding intellect over the remains of ancient civilizations and vanished empires in Spain, Italy, Greece, and Egypt. Without public-school or University education, self-read, self-taught, developing an original character on its own lines; taking time to think, to observe, to weigh, and to ponder on the means of using his gifts and talents to win a place for himself to which he deemed they entitled him.

In these strikingly contrasted schools and circumstances, in their several continents, was each of these two young men preparing to become the greatest political leader or political genius of his time and country.

Their equipment in culture and preparation and outward conditions was as vivid, as violent in contrast as could be found or perhaps imagined on earth. Their underlying qualities were, in most respects, essentially the same: profound belief in the clearness and strength and foresight within them, infinite courage, coolness, and resource, imperturbable patience and long suffering, tenacity of purpose and deep insight into character.

If we could imagine them knowing one another, they might have wondered to see how, by different roads, they had arrived, if not quite, yet nearly, at a common end.

In contrasting or comparing Disraeli with Abraham Lincoln it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Lincoln

was far more the representative Englishman of the two in character and action. But for the accident that his ancestors for a few generations had been transplanted to the American continent, Lincoln came from a pure-bred British stock. His persuasive oratory was the clear expression of his love of fair play, his deepest trait perhaps. His speeches had always a way of taking the audience into his confidence, appealing to their love of fair play and common sense, and guiding and inspiring them with these qualities. "Come now, let us reason together in this matter," was always the basis of his speech, and he guided while he convinced all men of the soundness of his reason and its justice. It was "the most perfect type of a true English mind, in its best possible temper," which thus always won his case and carried the day.

Humility, simplicity, truthfulness, disinterestedness, entire absence of envy or malice, were the attributes of this philosopher and Christian.

Personal ambition, which perhaps was Disraeli's chief incentive, was almost entirely absent in Lincoln. His great incentive was benevolence, and a desire to give fair play full play in the guidance of State matters, and in the settlement of all national concerns.

Lincoln was the more disinterested, the more modest, the more self-denying of the two, and perhaps the field of his action, in his day, called forth these qualities more than did that of Disraeli's battle-ground.

Disraeli was great, was pathetic, was fascinating in his speech on Lincoln in the House of Commons, when on the 1st of May, 1865, he seconded a vote for an address to the Crown of condolence with the United States Government and nation on the occasion of Lincoln's assassination.

Mr. Disraeli said:

There are rare instances when the sympathy of a nation approaches those tenderer feelings which are generally supposed to be peculiar to the individual, and to be the happy privilege of private life, and this is one. Under any circumstances we should have bewailed the catastrophe at Washington. Under any circumstances we should have shuddered at the means by which it was accomplished. But in the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, there is something so homely and innocent that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history, and the ceremonial of diplomacy; it touches the heart of nations, and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind. (Cheers.) Whatever the various and varying opinions in this House and in the country generally on the policy of the late President of the United States, all must agree that in one of the severest trials that ever tested the moral qualities of man he fulfilled his duties with simplicity and strength. Nor is it possible for the people of England at such a moment to forget that he sprung from the same Fatherland, and spoke the same mother-tongue. When such crimes are perpetrated the public mind is apt to fall into gloom and perplexity, for it is ignorant alike of the causes and consequences of such deeds. But it is one of our duties to reassure them under unreasoning panic and despondency. Assassination has never changed the history of the world. I will not refer to the remote past, though an accident has made the most memorable instance of antiquity at this moment fresh in the minds and memory of all around me. But even the costly sacrifice of a Cæsar did not propitiate the inexorable history of his country. If we look to modern times—to times, at least, with the feelings of which we are familiar, and the people of which were animated and influenced by the same interests as ourselves—the violent deaths of Henry the Fourth of France and the Prince of Orange are conspicuous examples of this truth.

In expressing our unaffected and profound sympathy with the citizens of the United States on this untimely end of their elected chief, let us not, therefore, sanction any feeling of depression, but rather let us express a fervent hope that from out of the awful trials of the last four years, of which the least is not this violent demise, the various populations of North America may issue elevated and chastened, rich with the accumulated wisdom, and strong in the disciplined energy which a young nation can only acquire in a protracted and perilous struggle; then they will be enabled not merely to renew their career of power and prosperity, but they will renew it to contribute to the general happiness of mankind. It is with these feelings that I second the address to the Crown.

"The motion was then put and adopted unanimously."

Whether it be true that "assassination has never changed the history of The Nineteenth Century and After.

the world" or not, or how far the history of their respective countries was altered by the cruel blow which struck down Henry of Navarre, or William the Silent, or Abraham Lincoln, it were difficult matter to weigh, and perhaps an idle one to conjecture, seeing that it is quite beyond the range of human intellect or ability to determine. But the words of Disraeli show that he had, at that hour, already realized, when Lincoln was yet so little known in this country, the supreme burden borne by him, and the wonderful moral courage which sustained him to the end and has made his career one of the chosen instances in history of "simplicity and strength."

Here was the point where these wonderful careers came into their nearest contact—and Lincoln was perhaps one of the greatest examples of the motto that Disraeli chose for himself—"Forti nihil difficile."

Hugh Sadler.

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS."

I.

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and
nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

II.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch grass:
The Saturday Review.

—Yet this will go on just the same
Though dynasties pass.

III.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by;
War's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die.

Thomas Hardy.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S "ENVOY TO EUROPE."

"There have been few missions like it in the history of nations," purrs the official communique. We may well believe it. For the suave Texan colonel is no shirt-sleeves diplomatist, but the President's *alter ego*—an ambassador to Ambassadors who are possibly out of touch with "the feeling and sentiment of the country from

which they have been so long absent." Dr. Page, for instance, "the most violent Anglophile," according to the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, now an angry sheet. "We can expect nothing from him which would be of any use to Germany. . . . Unluckily Herr Page's attitude so completely squares with
*Jer. LI: 20.

that of the President that he will remain at his post during the war." So Colonel House is to warn Herr Page—who has been "grossly imprudent," it seems—"to walk more circumspectly."

The shrill organ of "empty Hamburg" sees the American envoys at sixes and sevens in their sympathies—Page in London, Gerard in Berlin, Penfield in Vienna, Nelson Page in Rome, Morgenthau in Stamboul, and Van Dyke at The Hague. Dr. Van Dyke is hailed as a friend—one who sees in the mist new visions of German-American amity and painted peace. The lesser men are also "mixed," among them Mr. Brand Whitlock, late of Brussels, who became a *persona non grata* to the invader after his report on Edith Cavell's case.

That the State Department in Washington wants its envoys instructed afresh admits of no doubt. Official America was vexed at our publication of Mr. Whitlock's story. Its effect was to bring the Minister's usefulness to an end in Belgium, besides hindering those extensive relief measures upon which—and with good reason—the United States prides itself. The State Department was also embarrassed by the publication of Mr. Gerard's strictures on German internment camps, and the complaint of British prisoners therein. Remember always that American diplomacy is *not* of the "uninformed" variety. It is often served by outspoken men, unfettered by tradition and with no great command of tongues other than their own. Not only Consulships, but also minor Legations and Embassies are the reward of political service. Newspaper men are specially favored, as we saw some time ago when Petrograd was offered to an Indiana editor. He was to have at least one year of splendor at an impressive Court, with little to do but mark and earn, and wonder. The whole corre-

spondence was rather unkindly published—to the State Secretary's annoyance and the complete extinction of the would-be-Ambassador to the Tsar.

Of course London is the premier post, and calls for the best man obtainable. Dr. Page was a New York publisher and editor of the *World's Work, Country Life*, and similar high-class periodicals. American envoys, well aware of their country's detachment from Old World problems, permit themselves a *sans gene* denied the ordinary diplomat. Now this was well enough in the long peace, whereas free thought and free speech in the present tumult does make for friction and storm. You'll understand me better when I point to that bout of fisticuffs between George Meyer and Truxton Beale at the Metropolitan Club in Washington. "Mr. Meyer lost blood," says the telegram briefly. "And the affair has created a social sensation." Truly these are delicate days in the Capitol, with Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, demanding an embargo on our munitions, unless we relax our blockade and let Germany have the cotton which a teeming South stacks up for her in mountains. Then Senator John Williams, of the "black" State, Mississippi, broke a lance for the Allies, engaged in a life and death grapple for liberty and right. "Do you think they'll sit down like curs under the ukase of a Congress that's backed by only 90,000 soldiers?" So goes the war in America.

But what of those club protagonists? Well, George von Lengerke Meyer needs no more introduction than his name as a fierce pro-German. He was Ambassador in Rome for five years, in Petrograd for two; then he entered Mr. Taft's Cabinet as Secretary for the Navy. It was Mr. Meyer—the successful son of a German immigrant—who outshone Dernburg himself as a propagandist. He warned his people

through the Press that Germany could strike as well as talk and plot. "Woe betide the nation that joins the enemies of the Fatherland!" Such was the note of an ex-Cabinet Minister of America. Mr. Truxton Beale, who swapped punches with this dignitary, is a San Franciscan with large knowledge of men and things. He has been U. S. Minister to Persia, Greece, Roumania, and Serbia. Little need to ask where his sympathies lie, after contact with "Deutschtum" in these lurid fields! And Mr. Beale—as charming a type of Westerner as Colonel House himself!—has traveled extensively in Siberia, Central Asia, and Chinese Turkestan.

You will gather from all this that feeling runs high in official America, both at home and abroad—from Rio to Rome, and from Berne to Bogota. Hence the Texan colonel's mission—not to the Latin Republics, for reasons I shall give, but to European storm-centers, from the Neva to the Thames. That mission set all America guessing, and the gossips angered Dr. Wilson, who inspired the soothing communique with which I opened. "His mission," we are told, "is not to sound the nations upon peace, nor to interfere in whatever bickerings there may be between American diplomats. . . . All reports that Colonel House is going to reprimand Ambassadors are made out of whole cloth. He does not go to Europe to read the Riot Act to anybody, nor to play the inspector or spotter. The Colonel goes to give information—and to get it.

"The President has found that no matter how fully he expresses himself by letter, he falls short. On his last trip Colonel House was able to correct misconceptions of our policy. Now he has a larger mandate for better understanding and closer harmony. It is no less necessary to keep our Ambassadors headed right than to keep the Chancelleries properly guided. And,

since the President is aware that we probably misunderstand Europe as much as Europe misunderstands us—we, too, shall be able to correct our program by the new light Colonel House will bring back as to foreign opinion and purpose."

It is as though all our Embassies abroad took sides in some burning question, and Sir Edward Grey himself set forth upon an Odyssey of soothing to each stirred-up envoy and every troubled Court! This personal turmoil was inevitable. It is but one of the symptoms of America's struggle to steer clear. It is Washington's open secret that Colonel House's mission can be expressed in two words: "Trust Wilson!" The President faces next autumn's election with quiet confidence. He knows that the Republican platform can only be one of criticism, whereas he has kept the nation out of war, first with Mexico and then with the Central Empires of Europe, whose Dumbas and Von Papens had their fling and passed, leaving the United States roaring with riches and more resolute than ever to "Keep Out." So "Trust Wilson" and "Keep Out" is the double-barreled message of the Texan colonel, who goes from city to city primed with shrewd reasons for the faith he holds. If you would grasp America's attitude you must pay no heed to men like Professor Trumbull Ladd, of Yale, nor to any of the "intellectuals." You must ignore Senator This and Representative That—who represents nobody but himself, although reported at length by the London papers.

America is horror-struck at the world-war. She answers all Roosevelt's goading—"Any man with an ounce of red blood in his body," etc.—with Bryan's "We have no right to make war against a madhouse!" This is America's voice. She cares nothing for the veiled scorn of both sides—who yet look to her for wheat and meat, cotton and hides,

copper and all munitions. America will judge no *Baralong* case, no Gordian riddles of right or wrong between belligerents. She views them all with the "horror and fear" which Herr Dernburg found in her contemplation of "German deeds of heroism." If State Secretary John Hay—a statesman of real vision—"would rather be the dupe of China than the Kaiser's chum," we find him struggling in 1900 to prevent the Republican Convention "from declaring in favor of the Boers and of the annexation of Canada!"

At no time has the United States loved European institutions. Today it surveys our Continent as "a madhouse." It sends Colonel House to steady the nerves of American envoys, bidding them stand aside while the maniacs fight it out to the end. "You're a guest, and not their keeper. Keep out, and watch War cure itself! Watch Peace rising from the ocean of blood like an autumn exhalation."

To talk of America's trade boom is to convey little idea of its fabulous activity. If war means havoc and killing to Europe, it means mushroom millionaires in America, and truly hectic prosperity in all "lines," from high explosives to steel tubes and barbed wire—which is being exported by the million tons, at 12s. a ton more than it fetched before the war. The Dupont concern alone has \$320,000,000 worth of orders, so its arsenals can well afford a siege, even with five explosions in two days! "We are slaughtered," mourns the *New York World*, "if we work in factories of which Germany disapproves. Our labor is bribed, our passports forged, and the goods we send abroad carry with them bombs to blow ships, passengers, crew, and cargo to smithereens." As for Great Britain, her blockade policy is seen as downright arrogance—although Civil War precedents tie America's hands. "'Business as Usual' is England's slogan," says the *New York*

Evening Mail. "But for many of the neutral nations it is 'Business as Britain Permits.'" So America presents a stony face to war-mania, which strikes at her very heart through hyphenates "who have poured poison and disloyalty into the very arteries of our national life, debasing our policies to the uses of foreign intrigue." That voice is the President's own, and he speaks with deep feeling.

"To regard the Americans as pure materialists," says Bernhard Dernburg, ex-publicity manager of German affairs in the United States, "is a grievous mistake." And, mark me, here's a Jew of piercing insight into the American psyche in which Jewish idealism prevails. "They carry a great deal of moral baggage with them," Herr Dernburg finds. "They are anti-militarists in a sort of island world. A people of little science—excitable, imaginative, sentimental. The American mother, unlike the German, will *not* bring up her son to be a soldier. It is regrettable that the two peoples understand each other so little." Washington agrees. Hence, again, this peculiar Odyssey of Colonel House, with his dual mission to estranged diplomats and Foreign Ministers whose points of view they may have unconsciously imbibed. They must "look to Wilson," and listen to his other self and lifelong friend, who now expounds the Pan-American creed, so far removed from "predatory Imperialism and sheer abuse of might."

Pan-Americanism has now more than a "Mesopotamian" sound—blessed and vague and large. At the Financial Conference of last year Dr. Wilson welcomed his Latin neighbors. "We cannot stand definitely apart," he told the Colombian delegate, Senor Santiago Perez Triana, a man of consummate learning and grasp. If private capital could not provide physical means of communication, "then Government must undertake it." Next came the

high hope that "commerce of minds as well as goods would show a mad world the path to permanent peace." In short, Dr. Wilson's address was "America for the Americans," with the United States as leader, demonstrating the superior morality of the Western hemisphere—much as Professor Roland Usher expounds it in his recent work, *Pan-Americanism*. The United States, in fine, views the world-war with utter abhorrence. It has no desire to take sides in a desperate clash which it sees

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as "Right against Right"—with all belligerents utterly in the wrong! "It's no affair of ours," is Washington's distant note. "We must stay at home," as Bismarck said of Russia. "We're keen on development and dead against destruction. Perhaps you'll call on us when the blaze dies down?" This is the message of Colonel House, echoing the President's "We must preserve the cause of humanity." Envoys who reject that message will be summarily called home.

Ignatius Phayre.

ARTEMUS WARD, PATRIOT.

To most readers of the present generation Artemus Ward is little more than a name, and even those of their elders who read and enjoyed his work in their youth are apt to regard him solely as an irresponsible humorist, whose aim was simply to make one laugh as often as possible. No doubt in much of what he wrote, and especially in his famous lectures, this view finds support and justification. He was, beyond question, a great mirth-maker. On that point some of the wisest and ablest of the Victorians were agreed—Richard Hutton and "Bob" Lowe, to mention only two. To say, as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* does, that "wit largely depends on the drollery of quaint spelling" is to overlook the solid qualities by which it was so frequently reinforced. For at the back of all these superficial aids there was a great fund of shrewdness, sanity, and "horse-sense." He had a wholesome contempt for all pretense, imposture, and self-seeking. Shakers and Spiritualists, Teetotal Fanatics and Free Lovers, Mormons and Irish-American Fenians, and importunate office-seekers all came under his lash. He was no politician—"I vote for Mr. Union!—that's the only candidate I've got!"—

but he claimed with good reason to have a well-balanced mind. He "wouldn't give two cents to be a Congressman. The wus insult I ever received was when sartin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legislater. Sez I, 'My friends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?' I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they knowd I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onet." He had the lowest opinion of salaried talkers, as may be gathered from these extremely topical comments on Congress in the middle of the war:—

"We don't lack great Gen'als, and we certainly don't lack brave sojers—but there's one thing I wish we did lack, and that is our present Congress. I venture to say that if you sarch the earth all over with a ten-hoss power mikriscope, you won't be able to find such another pack of poppycock gabblers as the present Congress of the United States of America. Gentlemen of the Senit & of the House, you've sot there and draw'd your pay and made summer-complaint speeches long enuff. The country at large, incloodin the undersined, is disgusted with you. Why don't you show us a statesman—sumbody who can make a speech that will hit the pop'lar hart right under the

Great Public weskit? Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the Emergency, and cave in the Emergency's head? Congress, you won't do. Go home, you mizzerable devils—go home! At a special Congressional 'lection in my district the other dey I delib'ritly voted for Henry Clay. I admit that Henry is dead, but inasmuch as we don't seem to have a live statesman in our National Congress, let us by all means have a first-class corpse."

He had no use for frothy journalists, for, after ironically complimenting Mr. Slinkers, of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty*, for his skill in wordy war, he goes on:—

"He is a man of great pluck likewise. He has a fierce nostril, and I bl'ieve upon my soul, that if it wasn't absoloootly necessary for him to remain here and announce in his paper, from week to week, that 'our Gov'ment is about to take vig'rous measures to put down the rebellion,'—I b'lieve, upon my soul, this illustis man would enlist as a Brigadier Gin'ral, and git his Bounty."

Charles Farrar Browne—to call him for once by his real name—was about five-and-twenty when the Civil War broke out, but his delicate health prevented him from taking an active part in the conflict, though he is said to have contributed £1,000 out of the proceeds of his lectures to the Union funds. He was marked down in youth by "the Captain-General of Death," as John Bunyan called consumption, and died in his early thirties in England. So in his assumed character of the showman he disavows all claim to be considered a fighting man. "My father," he says, "was a sutler in the Revolootion War, and once had a intervoo with Gin'ral La Fayette"—in which he asked the General to lend him five dollars. "When this wicked rebellion first broke out I was among the first to stay at home, chiefly because of my utter ignorance of fire-arms. I should be valuable to the

army as a Brigadier-General only so far as the moral influence of my name went." The showman was supposed to be a man of sixty, and therefore not of military age, but his creator used the character to satirize those who were prepared to make vicarious sacrifices while taking the greatest care of their own skins. "I have already given two cousins to the war, & I stand reddy to sacrifice my wife's brother rather'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss comes to wuss, I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodid relations has got to prosekoot the war." And this oblique vein of sarcasm is shown in the opening of the famous paper, "The Draft in Baldinsville," which is peculiarly appropriate reading today in this country:—

"If I'm drafted I shall *resign*. Deeply grateful for the onexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compelled to resign the position in favor of sum more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what's kept me under. I meanter-say, I shall have to resign if I'm drafted; everywheres I've bin inrold. I must now, furrinstuns, be inrold in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin I should hav eventooally becum a Brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin and elected myself a Brigadeer-ginral quite onanimiss. I hadn't no idee there was so many of me before."

Artemus Ward had no sympathy with those who claimed the liberty *not* to fight in defense of their country. He would have liked every able-bodied man to volunteer, but he had no objection to the draft. "It caused sum squirmin," he says in another paper, "but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes." And he had a fine contempt for all who claimed exemption for fancy reasons. "One young man who was drawd claimed to be exemp because he was the only son of a widow'd

mother who supported him." Baldinsville—the imaginary home of the showman—began badly:—

"My townsmen was sort o' demoralized. There was a evident desine to ewade the Draft, as I obsarved with sorer, and patritism was below Par—and Mar too. (A jew desprit.) I hadn't no sooner sot down on the piazzy of the tavoun than I saw sixteen solitary hossmen, ridin four abreast, wendin their way up the street. 'What's them? Is it calvary?'—'That,' said the landlord, 'is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately bo't the stage line between here and Scootsburg. That's them. They're stage-drivers. Stage-drivers is exempt!' I saw that each stage-driver carried a letter in his left hand. 'The mail is hevvy today,' said the landlord. 'Gin'rally they don't have more'n half-a-dozen letters 'tween 'em. Today they've got one apiece! Bile my lights and liver!'—'And the passengers?'—'There ain't any, skacely, now-days,' said the landlord, 'and what few there is, very much prefer to walk, the roads is so rough.'—'And how ist with you?' I inquired of the editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty*, who sot near me.—'I can't go,' he sed, shakin his head in a wise way. 'Ordinarily I should delight to wade in gore, but my bleedin country bids me stay at home. It is imperatively necessary that I remain here for the purpuss of announcin, from week to week, that our Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!' I strolled into the village oyster-saloon, where I found Dr. Schwazey, a leadin citizen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd bin histin in more'n his share of pizen. 'Hello old Beeswax,' he bellered; 'how's your grandmams? When you goin to feed your stuffed animils?'—'What's the matter with the eminent physician?' I pleasantly inquired.—'This,' he said, 'this is what's the matter—I'm a habitooal drunkard! I'm exempt.' . . . This is a speciment of how things was goin in my place of residence. A few was true blue. The schoolmaster was

among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkim to those shores. He said I had a massiv mind. It was gratifyin, he said, to see that great intelleck stalkin in their midst onct more. I have before had occasion to notice this schoolmaster. He is evidently a young man of far more than ord'nary talents. The schoolmaster proposed we should git up a mass meetin. The meetin was largely attended. We held it in the open air, round a roarin bonfire. The schoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition bein seldom marred by ingrammaticisms. He said this inactivity surprised him. 'What do you expect will come of this kind of doins? *Nihil fit*!'—'Hooray for Nihil!' I interrupted. 'Fellow-citizens, let's give three cheers for Nihil the man who fit.' The schoolmaster turned a little red, but repeated—'*Nihil fit*.' 'Exactly,' I said. '*Nihil fit*. He wasn't a strategy feller.' 'Our venerable friend,' said the schoolmaster, smilin pleasantly, 'isn't posted in Virgil.' 'No, I don't know him. But if he's a able-bodied man, he must stand his little draft.' "

But the showman's speech is the real thing. Never was there a better justification of Horace's plea for saying grave things with a smile:—

"I said the crisis had not only cum itself, but it had brought all its relations. It has cum, I said, with a evident intention of makin us a good long visit. It's goin to take off its things and stop with us. My wife says so too. This is a good war. For those who like this war, it's just such a kind of war as they like. I'll bet ye. My wife says so too."

The showman gets a little mixed up with his metaphors about "the noble banner," but after an interruption from the editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* he pulls himself together, and with occasional lapses into levity mounts steadily to a climax of passionate patriotism:—

"There's money enough. No trouble about money. They've got a lot of first-class bank-note engravers at Washington who turn out two or three cords of money a day—good money too. Goes well. These bank-note engravers make good wages. I expect they lay up property. They are full of Union sentiment. There is considerable Union sentiment in Virginny, more specially among the honest farmers of the Shenandoah valley. My wife says so too. Then it isn't money we want. But we do want men, and we must have them. We must carry a whirlwind of fire among the foe. . . . This war hain't been too well managed. We all know that. What then? We are all in the same boat—if the boat goes down, we go down with her. Hence we must all fight. It ain't no use to talk now about who *caused* the war. That's played out. The war is upon us—upon us all—and we must all fight. We can't "reason" the matter with the foe—only with steel and lead. When, in the broad glare of the noon-day sun, a speckled jackass boldly and maliciously kicks over a peanut-stand, do we "reason" with him? I guess not. And why "reason" with those other Southern people who are tryin to kick over the Republic? Betsy, my wife, says so too. I have great confidence in A. Linkin. The old fellow's heart is in
The Spectator.

the right place and his head is clear. There's bin sum queer doins by sum of his deputies—civil and military—but let it pass. We must save the Union. And don't let us wait to be drafted. The Republic is our mother. *For God's sake, don't let us stop to draw lots to see which of us shall go to the rescue of our wounded and bleeding mother.* Drive the assassins from her throat—drive them into the sea! And then, if it is worth while, stop and argue about who caused all this in the first place. You've heard the showman. You've heard my wife too. Me and Betsy is 1.' The meetin broke up with enthusiasm. We shan't draft in Baldinsville if we can help it."

We should have liked to quote from the imaginary interviews with Lincoln and "Jeff" Davis, but enough has been said, we hope, to prove the genuineness of Artemus Ward's patriotism. As he said himself of Washington, he never "slopped over"; but there was a vein of chivalrous sentiment in him too. He says fine things of the part played by women in the war, and his great wish in his last illness was for strength to return to his home that he might die with the face of his mother bending over him in the cottage where he was born.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Benjamin Aphthorp Gould describes himself appropriately in the title "*The War Thoughts of an Optimist*" which he gives to a collection of brief papers and addresses on subjects related to the war; for the view which he takes of the war and its outcome is a cheerful one, and he looks for permanent good and a permanent peace as the final result. As an American for some time resident in Canada, he is able to combine both points of view

and to appeal to readers of both countries. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Under the title "*Why Men Pray*" there are grouped six discourses or meditations by Dr. Charles Lewis Slattery, Rector of Grace Church, New York, which cannot fail to appeal to devout readers. From experience, observation and reflection Dr. Slattery deduces the great truths that all men pray, that prayer discovers God and

unites men, that God depends upon men's prayers, that through prayer we submit to the best, and that through prayer we receive God. These truths are defined and illustrated with a simplicity and earnestness which make them vital and real. The Macmillan Co.

Young people have a generous share of the latest instalment of *Everyman's Library* (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—three of the eleven volumes falling to them. One of them is George Macdonald's "faerie romance," entitled "Phantasies," for which, very appropriately, Greville Macdonald, the author's eldest son, furnishes an Introduction throwing some light upon the purpose of the story. The other two are by Mrs. J. H. Ewing, a delightful writer whose books are less familiar to American boys and girls than they should be, but can hardly fail to be appreciated when presented in this attractive form. One contains "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances" and four other stories; the other, which is freely and cleverly illustrated by Randolph Caldecott and Dora Curtis, contains three of the author's best known and most touching stories—"Jackanapes," "Daddy Darwin's Dovecot" and "The Story of a Short Life."

Russia holds so conspicuous a place at present in the world's thought and is bearing her part in the great world war with such indomitable courage that the time is especially favorable for reviewing her history and discovering through what changes and the working out of what forces she has come to be what she is. American readers will welcome the opportunity to pursue this inquiry through a work so comprehensive and so well-balanced as "A Thousand Years of Russian History" by Sonia E. Howe (J. B. Lippincott Co.). The author is herself a Russian by birth, though an English-

woman by marriage, and her desire to make her native country better known and understood in the country of her adoption is natural. The thousand years which her history covers extend from the achievements of the Varangian chief, Rurik, who settled in the year 862 on Lake Ladoga, and thence extended his rule over various cities, down to the celebration of the thousandth anniversary of the Empire, in 1862, one year after the great event of the liberation of the serfs. The period from 1862 to the present is covered by a brief summary of the principal events; and interesting chapters are added upon the Baltic Provinces, Poland and Finland. It is a story of progress—slow, often interrupted, and leaving still a great deal to be achieved, but still of progress, especially since the great step was taken of the freeing of the serfs. Mrs. Howe writes with candor and her work is the fruit of patient research. The book is illustrated with a colored frontispiece, twelve photogravure plates, numerous smaller illustrations in the text, and eight maps.

That a man makes his own mouth, Dr. Holmes's assertion, is a truth familiar to all physiognomists, but in the portraits contained in Charles G. Washburn's "Theodore Roosevelt: The Logic of his Career," one sees a whole face remodeled, passing from the gentle resolve of the young graduate, to the almost ferocious earnestness of the grandfather who will accept nothing less than full and due measure from anyone or for anyone, himself or another. The author was his classmate, and is his friend, but is no blind worshiper, and frankly states certain differences of opinion, although he rejoices over every success of his comrade, whether won by sagacity or by luck. He shows that Mr. Roosevelt's apparent impetuosity proceeds from his custom of not

adopting any course until he has so carefully regarded it that a different view seems absurd to him. That, having adopted it, he is not afraid is known in both hemispheres. Mr. Washburn quotes liberally from Mr. Roosevelt's writings, and in an appendix, prints the whole of the speech "The Right of the People to Rule," delivered in Carnegie Hall, New York, under the direction of the Civic Forum in 1912, an address which is a general summary of his political belief. The book contains less than 250 pages but in it Roosevelt, man of letters, statesman, explorer and sociologist, lives. Houghton Mifflin Co.

There are some men who are born explorers just as others are born poets. The thirst for travel is upon them about as soon as they are able to walk alone; and they have no sooner traversed one little-known strip of territory than they plan new journeys into new lands. The Reverend J. A. Zahm, who for some reason, has chosen hitherto to write under the pseudonym of H. J. Mozans, is of this type. He began his explorations more than thirty years ago, in Mexico; and later, conceiving a strong desire to follow the footsteps of the Conquistadores, he made one journey after another up and down South America. In two earlier volumes of considerable size and intense interest he described his wanderings "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena" and "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon" and now he adds "Through South America's Southland" (D. Appleton & Co.), completing a remarkable trilogy of travel, far better worth while than many a trilogy of fiction. He was a companion of ex-President Roosevelt in what came to be known as "The Roosevelt Scientific Expedition in South

America." Indeed, it was he who suggested that expedition to Mr. Roosevelt six years before the latter found it possible to undertake it; and it was he who arranged most of the plans and superintended the arrangements. Adventurous spirits both, they appear together in the frontispiece, studying a chart in the Brazilian wilderness. Mr. Roosevelt has described the scientific results of the expedition in his work "Through the Brazilian Wilderness." The present volume furnishes an admirable supplement to that narrative, for as Dr. Zahm explains in his Foreword, his interests have been rather in the history, the poetry and romance of the places visited than in material, political and economic conditions. The reader who follows Dr. Zahm through Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine, Patagonia and Paraguay, along rivers, over mountains and through jungles, will find it an eventful and adventurous journey, full of incident and alive with personal interest. There are sixty-five illustrations from photographs.

slip "Roadside Glimpses of the Great War," by Arthur Sweetser (The Macmillan Co.), is the story of an American newspaper man who, in the opening weeks of the war, journeyed by bicycle from the French lines to the German, followed in the wake of Von Kluck in the German advance toward Paris, was by turns a prisoner of the Germans and the French, succeeded everywhere in extricating himself by means of his American passport, and had a close and intimate view of the horrors of the war. The book contributes nothing to the history of the war, the ebb and flow of conflict and the results of great battles; but it is a vivid picture of the catastrophe in its personal aspects and a moving narrative of personal experience. ✓✓